



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1791

SEPTEMBER 1, 1906

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by L. J. MAXSE

September 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE question of spelling reform, which was revived lately in this country on the publication of Professor Skeat's lecture delivered before the British Academy, has received a filip from the characteristically impulsive action of Mr. Roosevelt. The President of the United States has decreed that all Presidential messages and other documents emanating from the White House shall be spelled according to a preliminary schedule of reforms drawn up by Professor Brander Matthews, the head of the Simplified Spelling Board which Mr. Andrew Carnegie finances. Later news is to the effect that this order is to be extended to all departments of the Federal Government.

Our correspondence columns have, for weeks past, been giving evidences of the public interest in the question. The letters have ranged from the private expressions of desire for reform and simplification to outrageous examples of the worst that may be expected; from sane counsel like that of Mr. Mayhew or of Mr. Robert Bridges, whose very interesting letter we publish to-day, to the wild, sometimes ungrammatical, sometimes vulgar extravagance of the thorough-going enthusiast on either side. For the justification of these epithets we need only refer our readers to two letters on pp. 210 and 211 of this issue. There can be no question that the leading philologists, at any rate in this country, are on the side of reform—Professor Skeat, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Murray, Professor Sweet.

That, however, is not to say that they are one and all in agreement with the hot-headed plunge of President Roosevelt, who, in his attempt to swim the Channel, takes no thought, as it appears, for wind, tide, or wave, but plunges in with a dive of which all must admire the courage while few accept the augury. Were the Home Secretary suddenly to declare that he would set aside the existing criminal law and follow a schedule prepared by a single adviser, he would be following no rasher or more clearly foredoomed a course. For the present, no doubt, it would be fairly easy to follow the prescriptions of Mr. Brander Matthews's first schedule. Inevitable disagreements will arise—to take a simple instance—between those who say "spilled" and those who say "spilt," while the word "killed," as was pointed out by the *Times*, must certainly be either misspelled or mispronounced. But these matters are comparatively slight. The real difficulty will arise when Mr. Brander Matthews supplements his first list by others.

Simplified spelling, as every one is aware, is only a half-way house to phonetic spelling. So much is admitted by all. And the difficulties of phonetic spelling are, as it appears to us, quite as great as those of our present chaos, though arising from an opposite reason. The pronunciation of words is almost infinitely various. We have

only to turn to a letter of Mr. Evacustes A. Phipson in our issue of August 4, or of Mr. H. Drummond in that of August 11, to find a score of instances.

His and their orthography, writes Mr. Drummond, "woz" not the same as at present. Now, do the letters "woz" at all adequately represent the sound of the word as uttered by any educated person in reading the sentence? Certainly not: "wuz" is much nearer. Mr. Phipson, again, gives us "laf" and "cof" for "laugh" and "cough." The natural sounds of these words in the mouths of at least half the educated population of England is nearer to "larf" and "corf," though these two latter forms are far from representing the true sound. And unless the greatest care is taken, we shall have, doubtless, "lawn" and "lorn" spelled in the same way, when every cultivated mouth and ear makes and notes the subtle difference between them.

To the argument raised by Mr. Oswald Crawford in his letter to the *Times*—that we should have henceforth to be bilingual, the reformers would obviously reply that it would be our own fault if we were. They would re-edit all our classics for us in phonetic spelling! The thought would be hideous, if it were not so funny. Imagine the "modern spelling" and the "original spelling" schools of editors laying their disagreements aside and putting their heads together to print, say, Beaumont and Fletcher thus:

Cum lets be sad mi Gurls (? Gairls);
That down cast of thine i, Olimpias,
Shos a fine soro; mark Antifila,
Just such anuthr woz the nimf Enony,
Wen Paris brort [!] hoam Helen; now a teer,
And then thow art a pece expresing fuly
The Carthidg Queen, wen from a cold see roc . . .

and so forth. Those would be great days for the old "fogies" who clung to the condemned system. "Midnight darlings" at half a crown apiece, and all the Kelmscott Press books at a penny the pound! We could almost wish the dream were true.

It will not come true in our lifetime, and it seems probable that the movement will receive, thanks to the action of Mr. Roosevelt, a serious set-back. There is no one so stubborn as your scholar; and light-hearted amateur attempts to rush in where he has been treading with caution and pains all his life will inevitably meet with his disapproval. Had a commission of scholars for both countries been convened to discuss the first steps of a sound and moderate reform, certain faults in English and American spelling might have been satisfactorily removed. Let us hope that it is not too late.

There has been interesting news lately of excavations into Roman remains in two parts of the world. At Rome the indefatigable Commendatore Boni has been busy under the column of Trajan, making his way into the sepulchral chamber in the western side of the pedestal, which he has now opened and made accessible by its old doorway. It was discovered empty, thanks doubtless to the depredators of the Middle Ages. A hole made by mediæval treasure-hunters has been filled up with cement; and several large fragments of the laurel wreaths forming the lower *torus* of the column have been taken out of it and will be restored to their old place.

It is interesting to note that a discovery made by Commendatore Boni, as announced in the *Times*, seems to lend colour to his favourite theory that the height of the column marked not the altitude of the hill (which would have been higher than the Capitoline) removed to make room for Trajan's *forum*, but the depth of the depression filled up by the Ulpian *forum*. His recent excavations

have revealed an old paved road under the concrete pavement of the court of the Bibliothecae on either side of the column; a road which had evidently been buried beneath the Ulpian *forum* and was actually cut through by the foundations of Trajan's column. If this road belongs to the same period as the Republican tomb of Bibulus hard by, it is impossible that the supposed hill can ever have existed.

At Mont Auxois, between Paris and Dijon, the Archaeological Society of Semur in Burgundy is excavating the Gallic town of Alesia, where Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni, made his last stand against Julius Caesar in B.C. 52. A *forum* of the Augustan period, a theatre, and many traces of other monuments have been discovered, besides statues, bas-reliefs and other things. Incidentally, the discoveries are said to support a view expressed by Napoleon III. in his life of Caesar.

A good many admirers of Stevenson may not be familiar with a characteristic and playful letter he wrote in his Samoan home in the summer of 1891. About that time R. L. S. wanted to adopt the little daughter of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Ide. Annie H. Ide spent a part of every day in the Stevensons' bungalow, and on her complaining that, having been born on Christmas, she was defrauded of the rights of a birthday, Stevenson without delay wrote to her father. The letter began: "I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots Bar, author of 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Moral Emblems,' civil engineer, the owner and patentee of the palace and plantation known as Vailima, in the island of Upola, Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind and pretty well, I thank you, in body. Considering that I," the document in legal phraseology proceeds, "have attained such an age that I have no further use of a birthday," and that he had found the father of the said Annie H. Ide "about as white a land commissioner" as he required, "I have transferred to the said Annie H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors. And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name the name Louisa—at least in private—and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being quite so young as it was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember."

To this document Robert Louis Stevenson set his "hand and seal on the nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one," witnessed by Lloyd Osbourne and Harold Watts.

It was stated in the ACADEMY of July 28 that the Sunderland Public Library Committee had been compelled, by the protests of the readers, to reinstate in their Library the banished daily papers. We understand that this statement is incorrect. The Committee has not changed its policy, introduced in March 1905, of excluding daily papers and fictional magazines; and it is found that since, in accordance with our suggestion, the better class of periodicals has been offered to readers, the numbers have been increased.

A correspondent directs our attention to the fact that for some weeks past it has been impossible to obtain either the descriptive or abridged catalogue of the pictures of the foreign schools at the National Gallery. It is unfortunate that the supply should be exhausted at this holiday season when catalogues are so much in request, but we are by no means sorry to learn that a new edition

is necessitated. It must be confessed that the catalogues of our principal galleries leave a great deal to be desired, and both as regards information and attractiveness are far behind those of continental museums, notably those of Berlin, Dresden, St. Petersburg, The Hague and Stockholm. What is wanted in an official catalogue is a condensed summary of the latest results obtained by the researches of modern critical authorities, a precise description of the works exhibited, an indication of their date and pedigree and the conditions under which they were executed. Some account of the artists, classified into schools, must also be given, but the extended biographies and personal tittle-tattle dear to the British cataloguer are unnecessary and undesirable. If Sir Charles Holroyd can bring the National Gallery catalogue into line with the best continental publications he will increase that debt of gratitude which we owe him already.

Mr. Thomas Brock's marble statue of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., which was exhibited at the Academy this year, has been placed in position in Room VIII. at Millbank, so that the President of the Society of British Sculptors is now represented at the Gallery by no less than four works. Without wishing in any way to disparage Mr. Brock's art, we cannot help feeling that this representation is disproportionate when we remember how many equally able British sculptors remain wholly unrepresented. Mr. J. M. Swan, our English Barye, has only paintings to show us in this gallery. Of Mr. Gilbert there is but a solitary and by no means adequate example, while our younger and non-academic sculptors are entirely ignored. Taken collectively the statuary at Millbank cannot fail to give the foreigner a feeble and false idea of the powers of British sculptors.

At Bethnal Green Museum there is now on view a large portion of the Asiatic collection of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, made by him in the course of his travels in the East during the last twenty years, and notably during the seven years from 1898 to 1905, when he was Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The collection illustrates chiefly the Art of India, Burma, Nepal and Tibet, but specimens are also included of the art productions of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam and China. It thus embraces in a single survey the majority of the countries on the mainland of Asia and presents a comprehensive picture of some at least of the principal artistic manufactures of the East, as well as many interesting personal mementoes of Lord Curzon's term of office in India. The collection will remain on view for some time and will be varied or added to as occasion arises.

A limited company has been formed to give a four weeks' season of German opera at Covent Garden after Christmas, to begin on January 14. In addition to the evening performances, some *matinées* will be given, and moderate charges will be maintained throughout the house. The repertory includes *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Die Walküre*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and one complete novelty at Covent Garden—Smetana's *Die verkaufte Braut*. In mounting the Wagner works an earnest endeavour will be made to reproduce Bayreuth conditions, more especially as regards the instrumental music on the stage. The singers engaged for the leading rôles are of European reputation, and in addition to these the list contains the names of several eminent English singers. The performances will be under the direction of M. Ernest van Dyck; a competent German chorus and a well-known Wagnerian stage manager (from Germany) have been engaged, and the London Symphony Orchestra retained for the entire season. Herr Felix Mottl, of Munich and Bayreuth, and Dr. Kiotta, of Amsterdam, will be the conductors, assisted by Mr. Carl Armbruster, who undertakes the direction of the chorus. A full list of the performers engaged will shortly be issued.

The Three Choirs Festival is to hold its one hundred and eighty-third meeting this year at Hereford on Sunday, September 9, and Tuesday to Friday, September 11 to 14, inclusive. On the Sunday afternoon there will be a special musical service in the Cathedral; Tuesday is given up to the *Elijah*, with a concert in the evening at which Dr. Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* will be preceded by a new Sacred Symphony in F, *Lift up your Hearts*, composed for this festival by Dr. H. Walford Davies. On the Wednesday morning will be performed Sir Hubert Parry's Psalm of the Poor, *The Soul's Ransom*, for soprano and baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, a new work composed for this festival. The Wednesday evening concert includes two new works: Mr. Herbert Brewer's Three Elizabethan Pastorals for solo and orchestra, and Mr. Josef Holbrooke's Orchestral suite No. 2, *Childhood*. On Thursday, *The Apostles*, and in the evening Berlioz's *Te Deum* and the *Hymn of Praise*; and on Friday *The Messiah*.

LITERATURE

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS

The Dream and the Business. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
(Unwin, 6s.)

It is not enough for a novelist to have imagination. That is a gift that most people have in a larger measure than is commonly supposed. It is easy to say—and it is said a thousand times a day: "I can imagine what he thought of it;" or: "I can fancy what she felt." For the novelist, a further step is necessary. Just as to the making of poetry there must go something more than a flight of fancy—the effort of brain and will which follows up that flight, striving, often painfully and laboriously, to grasp it, to absorb and master it—so to the making of good fiction there must go something more than the imagining of fictitious people in fictitious circumstances. It is not enough for the novelist to be able to imagine what this one thought of it or the other felt: he must go on to think with this and to feel with that; to put himself in the place of his characters, identify himself with them, not watch them from outside. There must be sympathy as well as the reflected observation which we call imagination.

Of the strength and subtlety of Mrs. Craigie's imagination there was never any doubt. Of all the functions of her brilliant mind, none was better performed than that. She had to a rare degree the power of picturing to herself subtle, complicated, people, products of an artificial society, of seeing them clearly, keeping all their apparent self-contradictions unified in one character, grasping their elusive aims, hopes, fears and sorrows. She watched the world about her with wise, keen eyes; she watched the world below her with equal wisdom and keenness. An incessantly active brain examined and judged; when she came to use the results of this observation on a work of imagination she constructed characters whom all could recognise, complex and elaborate as they were, for true types of human nature.

And there she stopped. The further step she was unable to make. She could understand exactly what each of her characters would feel in given circumstances: she could not sympathise—feel with them (we are speaking, of course, of her literature only: that she had in a very high degree sympathy in the sense of a desire to alleviate suffering, the story of her life bears witness). And a fact at first sight strange is that this lack of sympathy is able to nullify the effects of her piercing understanding: it can upset "psychology" and lead to an entirely false view of a character which readers entirely incompetent to have imagined such a character for themselves can easily discern to be misleading. Let us take an instance from "*The Dream and the Business*." Lady Marlesford, a young married woman who has fallen in love with a man not her

husband and believes that Lord Marlesford is deceiving her, comes for advice to her friend James Firmalden, a well-bred and cultivated dissenting minister, who is secretly in love with her himself:

"I am not of the type that can live with half my nature perpetually on the rack and the other half drowsy. I must live all over in order to live at all. I cannot exist, on the present terms, with Basil. We must separate. . . . I do not choose to wait until his life and mine are so wrecked that nothing can be made of either. He can do much with his: I can still work out mine."

"That will never do. Nothing is worse than a formal separation—except an informal one."

"Ah! Then you think that a divorce is the one course possible—in such a case as ours?" . . .

"If you want me to defend divorce, I will defend it," he said.

"I myself am utterly opposed to it," she answered; "all I wish you to realise is this—that while I am determined to leave Basil, I am quite aware that to be legally separated but morally bound for life would be, to both of us, but to him especially, servitude in despair. Bad as it will be, it cannot be so bad as the wretchedness he must feel now in deceiving me, or my wretchedness in trying to act as though I suspected nothing. Own that I am talking reasonably."

"Too reasonably," said Firmalden. "But are you quite sure that he cares for somebody else?" He wondered how much she knew.

"I am certain," she replied, "that he no longer cares, as he once cared, for me. How much he loves—this other—I cannot say."

"Has he any idea that you have noticed any change in his manner?"

"No; he is too absorbed in himself to think about me at all!"

"But isn't it hard," he asked, "to say what a man might or might not notice in a woman? He's often a dumb dog who cannot speak."

"Then such dumb dogs should not marry!"

The discussion goes on; and Firmalden, characteristically, insists that there is no half-way house: either she must divorce her husband, or bear with him altogether. The other woman, whom Lady Marlesford is anxious to screen, must be either exposed altogether, or left altogether alone. And Lady Marlesford cries:

"You are unfair—too unfair. I am going to tell you something which I never meant to tell you. The woman you won't let me spare, the woman you think I want to screen for paltry worldly reasons, is your own sister! It is Sophy!"

"That's a lie! They have lied to you. It isn't true!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"It is perfectly true."

"I wouldn't believe it if she herself confessed it. I wouldn't believe the evidence of my eyes if they denounced her!" . . .

"Is Sophy alone, out of the whole world of women, immune from temptation?"

"She is so little immune from it, that she would recognise it and thus avoid something which might prove too strong for her."

"When women love exceedingly, they do not recognise it as a temptation. They think it the supreme blessing of their lives. When they renounce it, they do so for the man's sake—not for their own. This is the history of all women who have loved with any depth. It is perhaps the one sure test of their earnestness. Otherwise," she added, shrugging her shoulders, "it may all be curiosity or caprice or mere viciousness. I am willing to give Sophy credit for as many struggles as you please."

"I can swear to her innocence."

"I myself do not believe the worst. But for no other reason than this—I am willing to judge of her conduct by my own. You, when you thought her a strange woman, had no excuse for her—not one."

"I would not ask you to spare her—if she were guilty—though she were twenty times my sister."

"Every woman is some man's daughter, and often some man's sister!"

"But unhappily, every brother cannot feel so certain of his sister's character as I can of Sophy's. She has many failings, but she is utterly incapable of dishonour."

"Then perhaps you will admit, for argument's sake, that I too am incapable of dishonour, and that not we two only, whom you happen to know, are incapable of it, but that numbers of women, whom you do not know, are incapable of it. You say you would not accept the evidence of your own eyes if they denounced her!"

"I would not."

"Well," said Tessa, giving him her hand, "have as much faith in me—no matter what happens!"

It cannot be denied that the whole long scene from which we have chosen these extracts is, intellectually, brilliant: the question of divorce (Lady Marlesford is a Catholic) is most ably discussed; the thoughts of the disputants are as clear as daylight. But is that the way in which they would have talked? Is that the way they would have behaved under such conditions? Lady Marlesford's brain we see: where is her heart, her passions? Where are the *spretæ iniuriæ formæ*, and the sickness of desolation

that no woman, however "refined," however sophisticated, could escape in such circumstances? Would any man, however strongly self-controlled, hear his sister called a wanton and proceed to discuss the likelihood of the charge being true? The author, with that keen intellect, that eager interest in moral and religious questions and the relation to them of men and women, has forgotten that no amount of culture, thought and sophistication will eradicate certain deep-rooted emotions. She has held her characters under the glass, watching their brains at work: to their hearts she has not penetrated. And so we get the old impression of unreality—or, rather, of partial reality, of lack of sympathy, of inability to be really dramatic, really one with the characters of the story.

Nevertheless, the book is of absorbing interest—not so much for the fortunes of the people as for the elucidation of or comment on topics of great moment, religious, moral and social, round which the thoughts and difficulties of the characters are grouped. As is not uncommon in Mrs. Craigie's later novels, the story follows the course, not of one or two protagonists, but of a group of people. There is Dr. Firmalden, of the old school of Protestantism, his son James, of the new; James's sister Sophy, a woman who clings of choice to the old law though her tastes have much in them of the Pagan; Lady Marlesford, the devout but semi-Pagan Catholic, and her husband—a pair of devoted lovers whom a strange incompatibility of mind prevents from being friends; Lessard, the utterly Pagan musician, whom Sophy refused to marry because of his "atheism," and with whom Lady Marlesford later falls in love; and Nannie Cloots, otherwise Rosanette de Verney, actress, formerly betrothed to James Firmalden. Nannie is one of the most striking pictures of underbred vulgarity, meanness and folly we have met in fiction. The portrait may not be fair on actresses as a whole; by itself it is masterly. And it is the loves and religious difficulties, and the two combined, of this group which we follow. Of all, the story of Tessa Marlesford moves us most. She is so good in intention, so feeble in performance; so completely a prey to her yearnings for a perfect love, and her striving after utility and interest in life, so pathetic in her vain wanderings hither and thither—to Firmalden, to her confessor, to her husband—for satisfactions of these longings, that we feel for her a deeper sympathy than we can find to bestow on any of the others. All people know such marriages as that of the Marlesfords: their sadness is all the greater for the apparent needlessness, the seemingly trivial but ineluctable causes, of their failure.

The book is full of wisdom, clear thinking, illuminating discussion of states of mind and soul. And, in the earlier chapters, at any rate, we find much of the old epigrammatic brilliance of the earlier novels. Its perusal leaves one cold. The sense of effort in construction, of labour in the working rarely leaves us: we close it with the feeling that here is a fine novel marred by the old lack of sympathetic interest in human nature.

THE AENEID IN SPENSERIAN STANZAS

Temple Greek and Latin Classics. *The Aeneid of Virgil*. Translated by E. FAIRFAX TAYLOR, with an introduction and notes by E. M. FOSTER. Two vols. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.)

THE introduction is short, but bright and original. Here is a characteristic passage:

Virgil has not travelled much, and he has never been introduced to a hero. The things he really understands are not heroic—the dancing reflection of water on a ceiling, the whizz of tops in the courtyard, the departure of colours at nightfall, sea that trembles under the moon, the poor woman who must rise early, obscure deaths, the sufferings of animals and flowers,—and these things contrast oddly with the conscientious robustness of their setting. The art of Virgil seems the wrong way up—if we assume that the art of Homer is up the only right way. . . . It has been given to him to shed the light that never was on sea or land, but he uses it, so to speak, as a search-light,

illuminating objects that are often isolated and sometimes contradictory. . . . Let us not equip him with any scheme. Above all let us not make him too tearful or too mellow. For that is the direction in which modern eulogy, following the example of Tennyson, would seem to tend.

Thus Mr. Foster, B.A., who does not seem to think very much of the poet. He blames Virgil because he (Mr. Foster) sympathises more with Dido than Aeneas. But great poets have a way of arousing sympathy even for the person not primarily intended to evoke it. The late Sir Henry Irving had a feeling for Shylock, which the present writer confesses he largely shares. The notes are elementary, chiefly on geography and history.

Mr. Taylor, the translator, seems to have formed a higher estimate of Virgil as a poet. He has chosen the Spenserian metre, the complexity of which, as well as its recurrent nine-lined stanza with the sledge hammer fall of the Alexandrine at the end of each, whether the meaning demands or repudiates it, obviously unfits it to represent the steady and even flow of the hexameter. But he has certainly shown great dexterity in the handling of the metre, and generally makes us believe that the Alexandrine is not out of place, that the narrative really does run in stanzas of nine lines. There have been of late so many versions of the *Aeneid* that nearly all has been said that may be said, no matter how charming the topic. Quite recently we reviewed Mr. Billson's faithful and literal and often musical and powerful version in blank verse. We will now give some specimens of Mr. Taylor's art (*Aen.* i, 157-173):

Tired out the Trojans seek the nearest land
And turn to Libya. In a far retreat
There lies a haven; towards the deep doth stand
An island, on whose jutting headlands beat
The broken billows, shivered into sleet.
Two tow'ring crags, twin giants, guard the cove,
And threat the skies. The waters at their feet
Sleep hushed, and, like a curtain, frowns above,
Mixt with the glancing green, the darkness of the grove.

It needs not to be said that in a metre so elaborate there must often be an omission or an interpolation in the interests of the rhyme. Ascanius in the English:

Longs to hear
The tawny lion issuing with a roar
Forth from the lofty hills, and front the foaming boar.

But in the original there is no "roar." On the other hand, "one cave protects the pair" hardly represents:

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt.

And, in the same context (iv. 170-173) five lines are too many for two and a half in the Latin:

No more she meditates to hide the stain,
No longer chooses to conceal her flame.
Marriage she calls it, but the fraud is plain,
And pretexes weaves, and with a specious name
Attempts to veil her guilt, and sanctify her shame.

The rendering:

Dear guest no longer as a husband known

fails to convey the pathos which drew tears from Virgil when he recited the passage before the court of Augustus; and:

Heu feriis incensa feror

is far better rendered by Thornhill's

Ha! That way madness lies,

than by Mr. Taylor's:

The Furies drive me to despair.

Again:

Changeful is woman's mood, and varying with the day

is not half so poetical as Conington's prose:

A thing of moods and fancies is a woman.

The curse of Dido (iv. 621-629) is very vigorously done, and so is the dying scene:

Deep gurgles in her breast the deadly wound;
Thrice on her elbow she essays to rise,
Thrice back she sinks. With wand'ring eyes all round
She seeks the light of heaven, and moans when it is found.

We must protest against *Iāsus* with long penult (v. 843), and against "Tell the stars that rise," for *surgentia sidera dicent* in the famous imperialistic passage in Bk. vi., which is well rendered, but "tell the stars" could only mean "count the stars" and *dicent* must mean "name," not "count." In the simile (viii. 380) of the whipping-top, *vacua atria*, is not "empty courtyards" but "empty halls"; the words, as Conington saw, are meant to indicate that the boys were sons of nobles, and whipped their tops in the spacious halls of palaces.

We do not find in any of the many versions which we have read the princely dignity of the words in which Evander welcomes Aeneas to his humble home (viii. 364, 5):

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This is the passage of which Dryden wrote: "I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think of it, and myself when I translate it." Certainly a good deal of the kingliness has evaporated in Mr. Taylor's:

Dare thou to quit thee like a god, nor dread
To scorn mere wealth, nor humble cheer disdain.

Far better, though less smooth, is Mr. Billson's:

Thou too, O guest, scorn riches and put on
A God's great heart, not rough to poverty.

The picture of Camilla in Bk. vii. and the episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Bk. ix. are excellent. We must give a short extract from the latter (435-440):

So doth the purple floweret dying droop,
Smit by the ploughshare. So the poppy frail
On stricken stalk its languid head doth stoop,
And bows o'erladen with the drenching hail.
But onward now through thickest ranks of mail
Rushed Nisus. Volscens only will he slay;
He waits for none but Volscens. They assail
From right and left, and crowd his steps to stay.
He whirls his lightning brand, and presses to his prey.

The last words of the episode (446-449) compare favourably with Conington's metrical version.

O happy pair! if aught my verse ensure,
No length of time shall make your memory wane,
While throned upon the Capitol secure
The Aeneian house shall reign and Roman rule endure,

Conington is less dignified and more diffuse:

Blest pair! if aught my verse avail,
No day shall make your memory fail
From off the heart of time,
While Capitol abides in place,
The mansion of the Aeneian race,
And throned upon that moveless base
Rome's father sits sublime.

We will conclude with Mr. Taylor's very spirited rendering of the closing lines of the Aeneid:

Wrathful in arms with rolling eyeballs stood
Aeneas, and his lifted arm withdrew;
And more and more now melts his wavering mood,
When lo! on Turnus' shoulder—known too true—
The luckless sword-belt flashed upon his view;
And bright with gold studs shone the glittering prey,
Which ruthless Turnus, when the youth he slew,
Stripped from the lifeless Pallas as he lay,
And on his shoulder wore as token of the day.

Then terribly Aeneas' wrath upboils,
His fierce eyes fixed upon the sign of woe.
"Shalt thou go hence and with the loved one's spoils?
'Tis Pallas, Pallas deals the deadly blow,
And claims this victim for his ghost below."

He spake and mad with fury as he said
Drove the keen falchion through his prostrate foe.
The stalwart limbs grew stiff with cold and dead,
And groaning to the shades the scornful spirit fled.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

GEORGE FARQUHAR

The Mermaid Series. *George Farquhar*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM ARCHER. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

JEREMY COLLIER'S "Short View" was published in March 1698; in the following December, Farquhar's first play, *Love and a Bottle*, was produced at Drury Lane, containing, as the Biographica Dramatica holds, "the best drawn rake we have ever had on the stage." In March 1707, while the author lay dying, was produced at the Haymarket his best play, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which contains the scene (Act v. sc. iii.) between (Francis) Archer and Mrs. Sullen in the latter's bedroom. Between Roebuck and Archer come Sir Harry Wildair, Lady Lurewell, Richmore and Mrs. Mandrake, Kite and Plume. And yet Farquhar is the author of whom Mr. (William) Archer, with all the seriousness but none of the fatuity of Dr. Schmid, maintains that he marked an advance in the morality of our comedy. "More clearly than any of his contemporaries, he was progressing towards a sane and humane form of comedy." It sounds paradoxical; but we believe Mr. Archer to be right in his pretty flat contradiction of Dr. Ward's verdict on the Irish rogue who came to London, wrote six original plays, adapted another from Fletcher, and died destitute (but for Robert Wilks's charity) in his thirtieth year. To put him in the worst light first: Roebuck is too hideously depraved to be real; the business between Wildair and Angelica is detestable; Lady Lurewell (for all Hazlitt's admiration of the development of that character in *Sir Harry Wildair*) is monstrous; in all the comedy of the age there is only one person more horrible than Mrs. Mandrake, and the scene between Archer and Mrs. Sullen—a strange piece of work for a man on his death-bed—is unblushingly licentious. Moreover, Farquhar's heroes are all rakes and adventurers, or both. Even Worthy, the most serious of them all, only changed his dishonourable designs on Melinda into honourable wooing when her inheritance put her virtue beyond his means to purchase. Intrigue and seduction are the common themes of his work, and his gentlemen talk of marriage as the extreme price to pay for the satisfaction of their desires. But it is useless to try to base the morality of a play on its incidents. We must accept the manners and morals of the age for fact; the gentlemen and ladies of the day—we are forced to believe—did behave like that. Farquhar shows us, quite as clearly as the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh, a very corrupt state of society. It is often claimed for the England of that age that it is not fairly represented in its comedy; that the playhouse was the diversion of the Court and the aristocracy and gave a picture of their manners only, to the exclusion of the virtues and good sense of the mass of the people. In that aspect, Farquhar is a little disturbing. He left the Court and the aristocracy, the small circle of the "little parish of Covent Garden," and went for some of his people and scenes to the country. And there he shows us a Mr. Justice Balance, who is in sentiment one of the most cynical and immoral old rogues in all literature; Worthy, of whom we have spoken before; Rose, a country girl whose innocence is an accident she deeply regrets—all seeming to imply that the country was no better than the town in matters of love and courtship. If it had been otherwise, could Silvia have talked as she did talk and would her farcical behaviour with Rose have been tolerable to an audience? The other alternative appears to be Squire Sullen, who is an even lower specimen of a man than the jolly town-rakes who come to disturb his household. Against these, indeed, we have to set Cherry Boniface, who atones for

the weakness which was regarded as inevitable in women by courage and fidelity, and Dorinda, who, lax enough in thought and admitting the weakness of women more freely than a modern view of her sex would permit, shows good sense, honour and generosity.

But the morality or immorality of an author depends not so much on the types of character and the incident with which he deals as on the use he makes of his material; and Farquhar's use of his material seems to us such as to justify, or very nearly to justify, the claim made for him by Mr. Archer. Where Steele avoided immorality by achieving mawkish sentimentality at the expense of verisimilitude, Farquhar clung to life as he saw it about him, widened the bounds of comedy to embrace a great deal of life that had been excluded before, and yet succeeded in setting the sun a-shining on it in place of what Mr. Archer calls the "black, bitter, cruel atmosphere" of Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh. They were, in their manner, gay; but their gaiety is often hideous—the gaiety of cynical, scoffing demons. The gaiety of Farquhar (which Dr. Ward so strangely denies him) is a material, spontaneous, sunny gaiety, the gaiety not only of a jolly dog of an Irishman but of a man of a simple, kindly and generous nature. There is more love of his fellow men and delight in their oddities and humours in George Farquhar than in any other writer of his day. His characters (though some of them, it is true, are but puppets) have a pliancy and a buoyancy about them which makes them very human. They are not merely fashionable; even the fashionable ones among them are men and women too. His few plays present us with a whole gallery of oddities, jolly rogues, pert maids, fine ladies, villains and honest men, very different from the hide-bound wits of the "smart" comedy. The fact was, of course, that Farquhar was not by birth or acquirement a member of "the coterie," as Mr. Archer calls it. He was not a man of rank, wealth or fashion, but a literary adventurer who had the world to conquer and conquered it by entering it and enjoying its varied humours, classes and characters. It is that sunny gaiety, that delight in life, which is his distinguishing characteristic. It sweetens all his pages, even the worst, and wins forgiveness from modern readers for many violations of modern manners. For at his worst he is, strictly speaking, not so much immoral as non-moral (to use the old tag). He simply is not concerned with whether his people is good or bad. He knows that they are great fun, and insists on our sharing his boyish delight in them. Hence, he is to a great extent a farcical author, not a comic. When he ascends to the level of comedy, as in passages pointed out by Mr. Archer, he proves himself on the side of the angels, a man of good sense, independent thought and kindly feeling. And the older he grows, the wiser and the kindlier he grows. The gaiety of *The Beaux' Stratagem* is not a whit less sunny, less buoyant than that of *The Trip to the Jubilee* or *Love and a Bottle*. It is finer, too, and mellower; less wanton and irresponsible; more subordinated to the dramatic necessities of the play, more penetrated by the natural sweetness of the author's temper. Meanwhile the wisdom and kindly feeling have grown under his adversities. If Aimwell and Archer are no saints, neither are they repulsive libertines nor grinning cynics. Aimwell proves himself a gentleman. His sudden confession has been called improbable: it is no more sudden, and to our thinking far better founded, than that of the gay Lord Quex. And if Archer is a rogue, he is a lovable rogue, and one who shows some advance in morality on the standpoint of Sir Harry Wildair, still more of Roebuck.

On another matter Mr. William Archer gives us as sound and valuable a piece of criticism as anything that has been yet written about Farquhar. He points out that Farquhar's dramatic technique is an improvement on that of Congreve, Wycherley, or Vanbrugh, in more than one respect. It must be admitted, it is true, that most of his plots are farcical, often badly put together—the sub-plot having little connection with the main plot—disjointed and

clumsy. There are cases where he seems to have forgotten, as he went on, what he intended to do. For instance, we have always suspected that Cherry Boniface was meant to be proved no daughter of her supposed father—possibly with the intention of discovering her to be of gentle birth and of marrying her to Archer: we hear nothing of this later, and she is fobbed off as maid to Dorinda. But Farquhar's technical advance on his contemporaries shows itself first of all in his treatment of his characters, whom he allows to explain and to reveal themselves, instead of describing them before they enter and then leaving them to represent the type described—a type easily recognisable to the audience as one of themselves. The change is mainly due to this, that he is not content with types; he must have individuals. And, going outside the bounds of society for his characters, he found human nature to be so complex a thing that it could not be labelled and classified; it must be shown. The other important point in his technique is this: that, although the stage in his day was still a rhetorical stage, and still, to a great extent, the magazine and lending library, even the pulpit, of the town, he managed to do without the general remarks, the set disquisitions, the deliberate comment on life which so often held up the action in the plays of his contemporaries. Once more, he writes to show life, not to explain it; and his criticism of it—including the valuable criticism on marriage in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, on which Mr. William Archer has wise words to say—is conducted by example, not by comment. The fact is, as Mr. Archer explains, that the essay was then beginning to be successful, and Farquhar knew what to leave to the essay and what to keep to the stage. It is quite possible that, had he lived till sixty instead of dying at thirty, the poor Irishman might have become, as Mr. Archer rather obscurely puts it, a Fielding of the theatre: that is, might have done for the drama what Fielding did for the novel, and raised it to a position in art and truth equal to that held by the novel. Looking back over the hundred and fifty years that followed him, we must cry: Would that he had!

It only remains to say that Mr. Archer's edition is, as would be expected, scholarly and trustworthy. The four plays he gives are *The Constant Couple*, *The Twin Rivals*, *The Recruiting Officer*, and *The Beaux' Stratagem*. *Love and a Bottle* we can well spare; *Sir Harry Wildair* we should have liked, and to omit *The Inconstant* is to omit one of the best of Farquhar's plays. Still, if space had to be considered, the four plays we are offered form the most representative part of Farquhar's work. For the text of *The Constant Couple* Mr. Archer has gone to the second Quarto (1700), giving in an appendix the original (and preferable because shorter) version of the ending of Act v. sc. i., that between Wildair and Angelica. *The Twin Rivals* and *The Beaux' Stratagem* have been collated with the first Quartos, and in *The Recruiting Officer* the first and second Quartos have been used. Textual matters are clearly dealt with, and the stage history of each play, references to contemporary history and other matters are adequately explained in foot-notes, in which the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to another sound scholar, Mr. W. J. Lawrence.

ANACREONTEA

Anacreon. Translated by THOMAS STANLEY. With a Preface and Notes by A. H. BULLEN, and Illustrations by J. R. WEGUELIN. (Bullen, 6s. net.)

WE are glad to see a new edition of Thomas Stanley's delightful "*Anacreon*," illustrated by so dainty and refined an artist as Mr. Weguelin. It is more than two hundred and fifty years since Stanley published his translations, and, though they came long after the Rebellion had all but stifled the flow of English song, they have the best qualities of the Elizabethan lyric outburst. Stanley was a gentleman and a scholar, a pupil of

Thomas Fairfax, son of the Edward Fairfax who translated the "Gerusalemme Liberata." Returning from the Continent in the midst of the Civil War, he shut himself up in the Middle Temple, where, according to the life quoted by Mr. Bullen in a footnote: "Neither the Cares nor Concerns for his Family, nor the Caresses and Endearments of a Young Wife could prevail with him to intermit his ordinary studies on which he was obstinately bent." He published a learned edition of Aeschylus, composed love-songs for music, wrote a History of Philosophy after the manner of Diogenes Laertius, and translated the Anacreontea. A good all-round scholar, a great linguist, and no small poet, this Thomas Stanley.

He was not the first in the field with the Anacreontea, and Mr. Bullen's erudite introduction and notes give many details of earlier translations. The Anacreontea were first published in 1554 by Henri Estienne of Paris, who had shown them to Ronsard in manuscript, with what delightful results the readers of the poet know. The full story of the manuscript (now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, having formed part of Napoleon's loot from the Vatican and never having been returned to its right owner) its purchase by John Clements, the friend of Sir Thomas More, and its subsequent adventures, may be read in Mr. Bullen's introduction, and a very interesting piece of bibliography it is. The poems, of course, are not all of them, possibly none of them, the work of Anacreon; they are later poetry, the earliest probably dating from three centuries later than the poet of Teos. But that they are delightful in their facile elegance there can be no denying, and it was not long before English poets began to make use of the French discovery. The first to borrow from the volume was Greene, who in his "Orpharion" (1589) translates the ode *Μερονυκτίος ποτ' ὥραις*, which tells how Cupid came knocking at the door on a wet night, and being admitted drew his bow on his host:

He pierced the quick, and I began to start;
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high:
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugar'd smart:
And he flew, for now his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

Stanley's translation is better than Greene's; it is closer to the original and has more of the inimitable lightness and mischief of the Greek:

When well warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, "'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

We prefer, indeed, Stanley's version—which has, by the way a beautiful opening—even before that of the "mysterious" poet, A. W., whom Mr. Bullen has done so much to introduce to modern English readers. A. W., whom no one has yet been able to identify, is one of the best poets among the Elizabethan song-writers, and his songs include three odes from the Anacreontea: *Θάλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας*, *Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις*, and the ode quoted above. Another Elizabethan to draw from the same source was the author of the song "Cupid, in a bed of roses," that occurs in Thome Bateson's "Second Set of Madrigals," 1618; and very many others have been indebted to the same collection: Herrick, Cowley, Rochester, Prior, Oldmixon, Ambrose Philips, Tom Moore, Byron—these are some of the names given by Mr. Bullen, and the list could doubtless be increased. It is interesting, and may strike some as a little strange, that George Crabbe heard John Wesley, preaching at Lowestoft in 1791 in the eighty-eighth year of his age, quote Cowley's translation of a famous ode from the Anacreontea: "Oft am I by women told, Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old."

It is not surprising that poets, ancient and modern, should have been tempted by the Anacreontea. There is about the Greek a deceptive air of ease, which, when you come to analyse it, is not so easy to imitate as it appears. This little collection of songs of love and wine has the quality which the best of the Elizabethan song-books have, a perfect and apparently inevitable agreement between thought and language. Not a word could be moved or altered without injury. Their spontaneity, their *gracility*, to borrow a word from the Latin, is perfect. Their context is a mere nothing, a jest, a tiny tale, a praise of drinking, a praise or a flouting of love.

Ἡ γῆ μελαῖνα πίνει,
πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὖ γῆν,
πίνει θάλασσα δ' αἶθρα,
ὁ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,
τὸν δ' ἥλιος σελήνη·
τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,
καὶ τῷ θεῷ πίνειν;

The outburst is so fresh and free that one can well imagine it extemporised by some jolly toper with his wreath slipping down over one eye; and Stanley, good though his version is, seems lame beside it:

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

And Cowley's paraphrase, delicious if we had not the Greek original, is very long-winded and heavy with those seven galloping lines before us.

But to see the Anacreontea at their best we must turn to two odes in particular: "Roses" (the *Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν ἐρώτων* of the Greek) and the still more famous ode to the grasshopper. Of the first Stanley's version is as follows:

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff!
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
In the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses,
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus temple go:
Then some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

Best known of all, probably is the

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,
ὅτε δένδρεων ἐπ' ἄκρων
ὀλέγην ὁρόσαν πεπωκώς
βασιλεὺς ὅπως αἰδεῖς.

Stanley, Cowley, Leconte de Lisle, Goethe—the versions of all these may be found in Mr. Bullen's volume; and though for many reasons we like Cowley's best, since this is Stanley's book we select his translation to close our article.

Grasshopper thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated in some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honoured; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou admired,
By Apollo art inspired,
Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!

Stanley's Anacreontea, especially as edited by a scholar like Mr. Bullen, is a charming possession, a perpetual source of gaiety, pleasure and interest.

ISOLATION

THERE is a dread I know by night,
And sometimes in the sunlit day,
When all around me slips away
To lose me in the Infinite.

The earth's a veil—a veil the sky;
I cannot touch, nor hear, nor see;
What is, is just a part of me,
There is naught else, but only I.

ETHEL EDWARDS.

IN DARK WEATHER

WHEN I was very glad
I wished the rain away;
I would not be made sad
On such a dear gold day.

But now the years move slow,
And life is full of pain.
Ah! how I feel and know
The beauty of the rain.

ETHEL EDWARDS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DOSTOIEVSKY

It is rather strange that it is impossible, apparently, to procure to-day any of the translations of Dostoevsky's works that the late Mr. Vizetelly issued about twenty years ago. The selection then made was not a very good one, but at least two out of the five volumes published reached a third edition, and from the Press notices appended as an advertisement of Mr. Wishaw's translations, we gather that the critics who wrote in the *Spectator*, the *Scotsman*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Athenaeum* were more delicately alive to their duties than are the majority of reviewers to-day. These translations, however, appear to have sunk out of sight, along with innumerable versions of "The House of the Dead," that masterpiece of Dostoevsky's which narrates life in a Siberian convict prison; and now the only novel still procurable is Miss Milman's version of "Poor Folk," published by Mr. John Lane. The present generation of English readers knows not Dostoevsky. So much the worse for the present generation!

No doubt the reason for our neglect of the great Russian author lies in the Englishman's fear of morbidity. I was delighted to find in the *Spectator* some years back a criticism on Mr. W. D. Howells's novels which defines our insular apprehensions in the naivest fashion. "Mr. Howells," said the critic, "is a standing proof that subtlety of analysis need not involve the slightest sacrifice of wholesomeness." The sentence conjures up a comforting little picture of idyllic, wholesome surroundings, say a vicarage lawn, where the pleasant clatter of tea-things is punctuated by the vicar's voice rising sonorously amid the cries of "deuce" and "vantage" from the sunk tennis-court. Dostoevsky would be a strange and ironical guest here, nor is he in place in a London club, hotel, in any well-to-do house or suburban villa residence. There is little "wholesomeness" to be sacrificed in most of Dostoevsky's novels, but his analysis of the workings of the minds of his sick and suffering people, of the weak, the tormented, the criminal, and the possessed, show us just what value is to be placed on "wholesomeness," and how the underworld of the suffering or thwarted consciousness yields us insight into deep, dark ranges of spiritual truths for ever denied to healthy, comfortable, normal folk. Yet Dostoevsky's work demonstrates what every experienced physician knows, that no hard dividing line can

be drawn between the world of health and strength and the world of disease, weakness and insanity; and that all our normal impulses and acts will shade, given the cruel pressure of circumstance, into the abnormal in an infinite, finely wrought net of deviations, all of which are, psychologically, of import. Dostoevsky's peculiar and unique value is that of the great writers he is the one who stands furthest down the slope of that deep underworld of tortuous, diseased impulse, he is the one who has established best the relation the abnormal bears to the normal mind, and the one who has most fully explored the labyrinthine workings of the mind unhinged, impaired or thrown off its balance, while still mixing with and surrounded by the world of normal men. And Dostoevsky's lifework may be likened to a long winding road, traversed by the subtlest and most deep-seeing of psychologists, who at every turn is seen questioning, listening to and commenting on the strange experiences and confessions of crowds of mental patients, some almost normal, and some insane.

The immense power and underlying sanity of Dostoevsky's own mind is best attested by the perfect clarity, calm, penetrating judgment, and classic objectivity of "The House of the Dead" (1862). There is not a line of exaggeration, not one word of sentimentality here. The whole life of the convict prison, the character of the prisoners, their relations one with another and with their jailors, the effect of their work, punishments and pleasures, the hopes that sustain and the fears that torture these chained human animals in their grim environment and the common bond of humanity between the inmates, whether dangerous murderers or ordinary normal folk, all are painted with the marvellous precision of touch and delicate truth of a master painter. The accompanying morbidity and erratic abnormality of Dostoevsky's brain, on the other hand, is well attested by the fantastic confusion and startling divagations in the motives and impulses of his favourite characters, his sick and possessed heroes, suffering from hallucinations, with whom the author temporarily identifies himself and then suddenly parts company from just when the reader is beginning to get alarmed and wonder whether he himself has wandered into an asylum. In "The Idiot" (1868) while Dostoevsky's unrivalled intensity grips the reader with undiminished force, we are unpleasantly conscious of doubts as to whether the sane are insane or the insane are sane, so spasmodic and irregular is the development of the situations. Visitors to asylums know well the peculiar suspicious and alert expression with which doctors and attendants sometimes favour the sane as well as the sick, and Dostoevsky's scenes are sometimes as startling as a conversation in which a stranger who has been talking with great intelligence is suddenly detected putting out his tongue at his neighbour and the next instant continuing the conversation as though nothing had happened. In "Crime and Punishment" (1866), however, though the subject is the analysis of the tortuous reasonings of a mind on the borders of delirium, first trying to justify the right to murder and then struggling with the consciousness of its guilt, the author holds with a fairly steady hand the flickering lamp by whose light we follow the intricate mental processes of the criminal's motives and acts. There is sentimentality here, and a certain love of melodramatic situation which, joined to confusion and complexity, are the defects of many of Dostoevsky's pages; but these, though serious artistic blemishes, do not seriously impair the force of his psychological genius. In "The Brothers Karamazov" Dostoevsky has established his greatness beyond question. The book has a breadth and depth of vision, a temperamental richness and sustained intensity which characterise great tragedy. In his portraits of the corrupted, diseased and suffering Karamazov family, Dostoevsky has probed the human soul of all who are victims to their own vicious past and infirmity of will. The indissoluble relation between human vice and human suffering, and the thesis that the sinner is the man infected with mental, moral or

physical malady, are shown and maintained with a fertility of psychological insight drawn from the storehouse of national suffering. It is not surprising that Dostoevsky should be the author most beloved by his countrymen, for that broad human tolerance and fraternal feeling peculiar to the Russian soul is so strong in the atmosphere of "The Brothers Karamazov" as to destroy all desire in the reader to condemn the Karamazovs, when once he has penetrated to and understood the driving force behind their actions.

It is much to be regretted that no English translation of this great novel exists, though there are two versions in French. But the most remarkable example of Dostoevsky's genius contained in a comparatively short compass, that is accessible to the English reader, is the story entitled "The Permanent Husband," translated by Mr. Wishaw and published in 1888. Dostoevsky has written more powerful and more enthralling works, but as a piece of sustained psychological analysis of the passion of jealousy it is unique in literature. It is moreover such a good example of Dostoevsky's method that I make no apologies for giving the reader a short analysis of the story, instead of passing hurriedly in review the sanest, most normal and most harmonious of all Dostoevsky's works, the posthumous novel, "The Adolescent."

The hero of "The Permanent Husband" is a certain man of the world, Velchaninov, who, through financial difficulties of two years' standing, has lost his gay, careless, healthy pleasure in life, and has grown irritable, morose and mistrustful. Detained by a lawsuit in Petersburg and feeling worried and ill in body, Velchaninov has met in the street four times in the last fortnight a certain gentleman with crape round his hat, who has stared at him in a peculiarly fixed way. Velchaninov feels that he certainly has met this person before somewhere, but he irritates himself to no purpose by racking his memory, and he feels puzzled and ill at ease that thrice he has got angry and agitated at the recollection of this man's face. On the night of the last occasion on which he has been met and stared at by the man, Velchaninov awakes trembling from a very unpleasant dream of some crime of which he is accused by a continuous swarm of people who pour into the room without ceasing, and approaching the window he is staggered to see, in the light summer Petersburg night, that the man with the crape hatband is standing on the other side of the street carefully examining the house. The man then crosses the road and enters the gateway, and Velchaninov, trembling, runs to the front door, and, after waiting and hearing him trying the doorhandle to see if it is locked, suddenly flings the door wide open and confronts the midnight visitor.

Both men stared in each other's eyes silent and motionless. So passed a few moments, and suddenly like a flash of lightning Velchaninov became aware of the identity of his guest. At the same moment the latter seemed to guess that Velchaninov had recognised him. In one instant the visitor's whole face was all ablaze with its very sweetest of smiles.

The midnight visitor turns out to be a certain Trutsotsky, the insignificant husband of a woman, Natalia Vasilievna, "one of those women who exist only to be unfaithful wives." Velchaninov nine years ago has acted the part of her lover during a whole year in a little provincial town; he had been the slave of his passion, and he had been suddenly "thrown over like an old worn out shoe" by Natalia in favour of a new lover, a young artillery officer. The husband, Trutsotsky, had never discovered his wife's infidelities. And now, after nine years, behold! the husband turns up quite unexpectedly, a little drunken and maudlin, to announce his wife's death and "to talk over that sweet mutual tie of which Natalia formed so treasured a link in our friendship." The dialogues that ensue between the two "old friends" are masterpieces of psychological insight. Velchaninov is very much on his guard, but Trutsotsky is always springing disconcerting surprises on him and taking strange

liberties while narrowly scrutinising him. When Velchaninov pays Trutsotsky a return visit he discovers him in the act of:

trying to persuade a little girl to do something or other, and using cries and gestures, and what looked to Velchaninov very like kicks in order to effect his purpose.

The girl, seven or eight years of age, is in a very hysterical condition. She runs away when Velchaninov appears, and the latter, on mentally comparing dates, discovers to his horror that she must be his child. She has his own eyes, his own hair and refined pallor of face and her mother's lips. Trutsotsky has a disagreeable grin when he speaks of his affection for his daughter, and Velchaninov surmises that he has long been playing on the child's nerves, bullying and ill-treating her. After a good deal of mental fencing between the two men, the real father in great agitation succeeds in carrying off Liza on a visit to the house of some old friends, a charming family to whose care he confides her. One of the most terrible pages in literature is that in which the child, Liza, on her arrival, begs to implore Velchaninov to "help" her, because she knows that Trutsotsky will hang himself. The child cannot be appeased in her terror and anxiety, and Velchaninov goes back to find Trutsotsky, but the latter will not come, he has just heard of the death of his dear friend, Bagantov, who was also one of his late wife's acquaintances. And now Trutsotsky, with a smile of detestable cunning and irony confides to the alarmed Velchaninov that:

When Natalia died, she left behind her a little black desk, and there were about a hundred examples of Bagantov's literary genius in the desk, ranging over a period of five years.

But Velchaninov remembers, to his relief, that he had never written a single letter to the dead woman.

We have no space left in which to tell how Liza dies, and how Trutsotsky plays cat and mouse with his wife's lover, till the hour comes when he tries to murder him in his sleep. The final analysis of Trutsotsky's motives is of extraordinary brilliancy, and indeed every page is a revelation of the depths of the human consciousness. Trutsotsky does not know that he wishes to murder Velchaninov, but the hatred is at the bottom, underlying his other feelings. The essence of Dostoevsky's method here is *surprise*. We are first of all carefully prepared for something abnormal to happen, through the analysis of the hero's neurosis, and then there is sprung on him and us a series of surprises, through the medium of unexpected arrivals, unforeseen revelations, bad dreams, and lightning-like divinations. Bit by bit the chain of cause and effect is unwound, and the reader has the uncanny feeling of the subconsciousness of the characters being made to yield up, piecemeal, curious hints of the revelations in store. Dostoevsky is *par excellence* a psychologist, unsurpassed in his knowledge of the workings of the human mind exposed to abnormal strain. It is small wonder that Nietzsche hailed him as his master, for many of the most brilliant ideas of the German philosopher are to be found, either crystallised or in solution, in the pages of the great Russian.

EDWARD GARNETT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The later poems of William Morris," by Arthur Clutton Brock.]

FICTION

Children of Far Cathay. By CHARLES HALCOMBE. (Hongkong Daily Press Office, 6s.)

EXPERIENCE has equipped Mr. Halcombe, more fully than most Englishmen, to write a novel of Chinese life and character. For in an extract from a literary journal, printed on a front page of his book, we read with interest: "My life and adventures in China where my life was heroically saved by a young Chinese lady who is now my

wife were recorded . . ." and the extract ends with the name of the book in which these absorbing details are recorded; its price too and publisher are generously added. This would assure him a unique opportunity of studying the domestic manners of the Chinese and of learning much which would escape the observation, however acute, of the ordinary Fang-qwai or foreign-devil.

But, although he starts with this capital advantage, thus delicately advertised, he is handicapped partly by his inability to express himself grammatically or clearly, and partly by his ignorance of the form he has chosen. The construction is on a level with the style: and the style suggests nothing so vividly as a tract (writing which little boys are sometimes given to throw fluttering from railway carriage windows to improve the moral standpoint of the platelayers) and a tract which on occasions takes wing from chatty inconsequence to the lurid heights of a Penny Dreadful (writing which little boys have been known to treasure crumpled and coverless in their jacket pockets). Two passages will explain:

A young girl, passingly fair, and I regret to say equally fickle, and a dark and somewhat tall young man, well set though slender and decidedly handsome, were standing together in an old-fashioned garden bordering upon the Lancashire coast. I may add that it was a pleasant spot, from which a glimpse of the sea was obtainable on that sultry July morning in the year 1896, of which I am speaking.

This is taken from the introductory chapter: it tells how Montrose, the decidedly handsome young man, was jilted by the young girl and became an unattached missionary. His broken heart is doubtless meant to lessen any shock that might be caused by his future marriage with Luh-Hwa, the charming daughter of Hung-Fong. But if, as they say, marriages are made in heaven, this one surely was. For only Fate could have worked the tremendous coincidences which bring the couple into each other's arms.

The other passage is taken from the scene where Hung-Fong is being tried by the iniquitous judge, Shun Ming, on a false charge of conspiracy.

The claw-like hands of many hirelings who were accustomed to these scenes gripped the manly form of the merchant, and hissing curses in his ear they once more bended him forward and drew his lacerated hand down upon the blood-stained document. Another rude character was compulsively made and the signature was complete.

But any book which throws a new light, however, smoky, upon a strange people must have some interest. And there is much that Mr. Halcombe knows about the Chinese. Though, of course, he does not interpret them as Lafcadio Hearn interpreted the Japanese, yet he can describe the interior of a Chinese house, and little isolated details of custom or points of etiquette in a way that holds the fancy. Facts nail him down to simplicity; and show what a fine background he has spoiled. He wastes too much energy in killing dead dogs. No one now thinks that the Chinese are all rat-devouring heathen: every one knows that there are many courteous Chinese gentlemen. Continued insistence on this point robs the book of virtue which it can ill spare.

I know a Maid. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE wonder how often in real life a will has been destroyed by the person who would have been disinherited by it? We suppose that, if no one but a dying man saw you do it, you would not be in much danger from the law, provided the man died without speaking. The witnesses might or might not be alive, but they could not produce the will or prove that you had made away with it. Indeed, all the probabilities would be against a document so hostile to your interests ever reaching your hands. In real life the improbable often happens: the difficulty is to make it seem like fact in fiction. Lady Otterburne's crimes do not suit her complexion: and one of them, which in some of its details recalls a *cause célèbre*, leads to nothing, and, we believe, could have led to nothing. A promise of marriage extorted from a minor by a clumsy

subterfuge would not be worth the paper it was written on, and the promise of money made under the same conditions and with the same absence of formalities would not have bound Sara Lavington to pay a penny. Sara is a charming heroine, and, indeed, Madame Albanesi has written another pleasant story. But villainies are not in her atmosphere, and when she tells you of them she fails to convince you. She sees the world through kindly eyes, and she gets her best effect of reality in such a character as Natalie Benyon, whom some love and others hate, and who is a lifelike mixture of good and bad. Lady Otterburne, in spite of her crimes, is lovable too: in fact, her charm remains and her sins vanish into the limbo that must be full of sins half-imagined and never committed. Most novelists have helped at one time or the other to fill it.

The Trials of Commander McTurk. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ has let loose another energetic and sinewy adventurer upon the high-seas of romance. His heroes are nothing if not strenuous, and it is no surprise to us to learn that Commander McTurk was placed upon the retired list of his country's navy for excess of zeal rather than for inefficiency. The story of his struggles to regain his lost prestige is both pathetic and enthralling. Even the adamant hearts upon the Naval Board at Washington are touched at last by the audacious exploits of the "man in the flaxen wig," and we leave him embarking upon a second career in the American Navy. As he has, by this time, been annexed by the most capable of all the amorous ladies who pursue him through his many and stirring adventures, we hope that his ardent spirit may be kept within bounds and his country may continue to smile upon him. The flaxen wig, which earns him the name of "Wiggy McTurk" in the Navy, is as important an attribute as the concertina of that other ocean free-lance, Captain Kettle. Indeed, these irrepressible sea-dogs have much in common. The artistic vein, which finds vent in the poetic rhapsodies of Kettle, inspires McTurk to execute weird, impressionist sketches in oils. The description of the meeting between these kindred spirits, whose friendship is sealed for ever by their common appreciation of the beauty of the sunset at Halifax—McTurk pressing his sketch of the harbour upon Kettle, while the latter melodiously warbles his "Lines to the Sunset," to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains"—is worthy of the subject. That, between them, they should succeed in kidnapping two prominent American millionaires, making them work their way to England before the mast, is not surprising. The quixotic commander is blessed with a sister, Bridget McTurk, whose golden transformation is as unruly as her brother's flaxen wig. Her efforts to rescue him from his various matrimonial entanglements are untiring. We meet another old friend in these pages. Mr. Neil Angus McTodd, of Arctic fame, spends a portion of his thirsty existence as chief engineer to Commander McTurk, during which period he covers himself with glory by impersonating a submarine in mid-ocean, and frightening out of his Teutonic wits the captain of a German ironclad.

Tally Ho! By HELEN MATHERS. (Methuen, 6s.)

JUDGED by comparison with certain of Miss Mathers's earlier novels—"Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and others—"Tally Ho!" is a sad disappointment. The school of writers to which she belonged is slowly dying out, and we opened her latest book with no little expectation, sure that we should find at least good characterisation, a healthy atmosphere, and mild and pleasant diversion. We find, instead, great possibilities and a failure to realise them. *Tally Ho!* was a famous steeple-chaser—in his way a very Katerfelto—disguised as a hunter. A good story well told, with a fine horse for a theme, would have excited and delighted us. Unfortunately, confident expectations notwithstanding, we find no cure for sore eyes in these pages, nothing to set the

hot blood racing madly to the pounding of galloping hoofs—who, of those who know, has not felt the thrill of it, and swept helter-skelter into the rush? But this is not really the story of Tally Ho!; it is rather the story of San (a girl, by the way), and of a not incorruptible "splendid brute," one Blaise Blundell, Major, gentleman-jockey. Here we have a combination full of promise, particularly when coupled with a devouring passion on the part of the man to win the Blue Riband of the Chase; a famous steeplechaser, bequeathed to the lady, a Diana of the hunting-field who abhorred racing, with conditions which blocked the gallant Major's way; and three girls who do their own stable work and perform impossible feats of horsemanship. In truth, there is good material enough and character enough to have made a fine novel, and Miss Mathers might have made it. But no gleam of merriment, no sparkling phrase, not a line of vivid description rewards the reader. Miss Mathers has failed in her construction, and she has failed in her characterisation. We find Blaise—how much better was the original "Blaze"—anything but a gentleman, and shall never believe that the San we are shown would have married him. Nor does Miss Mathers realise the possibilities, and the limitations, of her honest lad from Galway. He would not "negotiate" stone walls and water-jumps on or off a racecourse—he would *leap* them. He would not speak of a horse winning "off his own bat—blindfold"; he might say: "Troth, an' he'd win with his head in a bucket." Miss Mathers should know, too, that the lowliest Irish peasant does not drop his h's. "Tally Ho!" is not without its good points; we are disappointed that it is no better, and we lay down the book to read Whyte-Melville again.

DRAMA

THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON

THE success of the dramatic author (the artist, not the man of business) is complete only when his appeal proves universal and effectual—only when there is no member of his audience whom he has not succeeded in affecting, and in affecting to the full extent required. Universality of appeal is only possible, of course, in the case of plays of universal truth—in the case of plays which deal, that is to say, with what, in life and nature, is common to us all; but, the question is largely one of treatment too. For, though the subject of the dramatist is common, universal life and nature, it is local life and individual nature which constitute his medium of expression. He cannot deal directly with a given situation in the abstract. He must create a concrete instance of it, and can approach it in the abstract only through that instance. The instance, too, must be particular; it must consist, that is, of actual events peculiar to individual persons. For, were he to deal with characters which are merely the embodiment of traits and with events of general application, then although the extent of his appeal would be assured, the strength of it would not. His play would then be but an allegory, as much a disquisition as a story. The more particular his instance, the more effectual his appeal will prove. But, the more surely his appeal is strong, the less so is it, in itself, extended; for the more particular the instance, the less clear is its connection found with the abstract situation which it typifies. In order, therefore, that his appeal may be not only effectual but universal too he has to treat the concrete instance as if it were the abstract situation, tracing and establishing, as he proceeds, the connection between the two, supplementing and expanding by the certain appeal of the general the chance or partial appeal of the particular. In dealing with a character, for example, he must explain its relation to the type it represents and, if necessary, the relation of the type to all the world.

It is necessary to understand all this if the services to

English drama of Thomas William Robertson are in any exact degree to be appreciated. By the middle of last century the law which governs extent of appeal had not, of course, been framed, though its existence was suspected. But, if the need was felt of some kind of elaboration, the exact kind needed was misjudged, and the investment of the unit with the significance of the type was practised as exaggeration only. Because even the expanded fact, unemphasised, is somewhat ineffective in the theatre; what was thought, unemphasised, to be so was not the expanded but the literal fact. The necessity to expand had been confounded with the necessity to exaggerate. The faithful, either to nature or to life, was considered unsuitable for treatment. To this, no doubt, the unproductiveness of the time was largely due; for the theatre had become not only ridiculous but a thing of ridicule. To this must be assigned in full the caricatures—"stage types," as they are called—and the false and highly-coloured views of life with which "the play" is still in part identified. To the work of Robertson is due to a great extent the credit of the fact that the theatre deals effectively to-day with life and men and women as they are. To him we very largely owe it that exaggeration is at length discredited.

It is only, however, so far as Robertson replaced the existing method by the new that the whole and actual credit should be his, for it is only so far that his personal achievement was complete. The exaggerated undoubtedly possesses in the theatre a certain broad effectiveness of its own; and, had Robertson deprived his facts of this and yet not made them any reparation, his influence could not have been conclusive. What has made it in great measure so is that, at least as far as character is concerned, he replaced exaggeration by expansion. In this respect he not only substituted the faithful fact for the exaggerated but justified his action by making it the more effective, of surer and more general interest than the exaggerated fact had ever been. As regards event, his achievement was but partial. In dealing with it he discarded exaggeration, but in a measure only. He substituted the faithful fact for the exaggerated, but not entirely. His stories attempt to show life as it is: but what they really show is life idealised—life only less exaggerated than in the common practice of the time. They are but fairy-tales—tales only partly true to life—and neither were nor could have been expanded. Their interest, like that of every story which is of less than universal truth, depends upon the personal taste and passing mood of each spectator.

It must not be assumed, however, that Robertson realised entirely the nature or the extent of his achievement. The aim which he deliberately pursued was the substitution for exaggeration of fidelity. This, as it appeared to both himself and his contemporaries, cannot be more happily or vividly expressed than in the words of Ruskin. The critic had seen a performance of *Ours* and was writing a letter of thanks to Mr. Bancroft:

I was disappointed [he said] with Mr. Hare's part (the Russian Prince Perovsky); not with his doing of it but with his having so little to do. However, that was partly my mistake, for I had a fixed impression on my mind that he was to wear a lovely costume of blue and silver, with ostrich feathers, and, when he was refused, to order all the company to be knouted and send the heroine to Siberia.

What the Prince does actually, of course, is to wear the clothes that he would wear in life and to accept his defeat with dignity and grace. But, if Robertson was conscious of one part of his achievement, of the other—the reinstatement of expansion—he seems to have been entirely unaware. There is no evidence that he understood the fundamental law, to which he proved a friend, more clearly than had those who proved its enemies. His observance of it was almost certainly intuitive; for it is only in certain cases that he honours it—those which the conditions of his life enabled him to understand most fully—and, had he realised the need of it in character, he surely would have realised the need of it in story too.

In view of this, it seems a fortunate chance which led him, in his dealing with events, to discard exaggeration but in part, to replace it only partly by fidelity. For had his facts been altogether faithful his comedies could scarcely have succeeded and would not, perhaps, have even been produced. They would have lacked the illegitimate effect which is the product of exaggeration—the effect to which the public was accustomed—and also, in any case in plot, the legitimate effect arising from expansion and due emphasis which would have reconciled it to the loss. If Robertson's intention was entirely to discard the artificial, all that he accomplished was to blend it very subtly with the natural. Revolutionary as his comedies were thought—revolutionary as they were—they owed at least as much to the old as to the new; and it is, we may be sure, no less the exaggerated than the faithful which gained the first of them a hearing. It is not *Caste* but *School*, not the most faithful but the most unfaithful, which proved the most successful of all.

It was only, then, in character that Robertson substituted for the exaggerated the expanded. Now, the result of the employment of expansion and the proof of it as well is that character is generally understood, not merely recognised, and that event is generally accepted as true to probability and fact. Let us take the case of *Caste*. *Caste* is not only the most faithful of the comedies, it is by far the best in all respects. The evidence suggests that, for reasons which need not be explained, it is the only one which does the author justice. What, then, do we find when we apply to it the test proposed? Can we believe, in the first place, that what happens in the play would probably have happened in real life? George D'Alroy is determined to marry Esther Eccles, a ballet-girl of poor extraction. Captain Hawtree is anxious to dissuade him.

What should prevent me? [asks George] The inexorable law of caste [is the reply]; the social law, so becoming and so good, that commands like to mate with like. . . . Those marriages of people with common people are all very well in novels and plays on the stage, because the real people don't exist and have no relatives who exist and no connections; but in real life, with real relations and real mothers and so forth, it's absolute bosh; it's worse, it's utter social and personal annihilation and damnation.

The marriage takes place, however, and George himself does not regret it. "If I'd known I could have been so happy," he murmurs, when leaving for the front, "I'd have sold out when I married." Eventually even the Marquise, his mother, is reconciled; and, with the lines: "True hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood," the argument is clinched as follows:

Caste is a good thing if it's not carried too far. It shuts the door on the pretentious and the vulgar, but it should open the door very wide for exceptional merit. Let brains break through its barriers, and what brains can break through love may leap over.

It is George's return from the dead which reconciles his mother to his wife. All who can believe in the return can readily believe in the *rapprochement*—but can we all believe in the return? Is it not, rather, less probable than possible—to be accepted or rejected, as we please? And, supposing that we believe in the *rapprochement* as a fact, can we believe, as Robertson would have us, in its permanence? "We must take her abroad and make a lady of her." "Can't, mamma," says George; and some of us, at least, agree with him—not adding, as does he, "she's ready made." Was he, indeed, "so happy" with her before he went to India? Did she never offend his sensibilities?

Then I was in the ballet. Then I was in the front rank—now I am of high rank—the Honourable Mrs. George D'Alroy.

Did he always find her quite congenial? Did he never feel ashamed of his father-in-law? Did he never, even, resent his sister-in-law, with her "Bless you, my turtles," and her "George, kiss your mother"? Some of us, at least, agree with Hawtree:

Under ordinary circumstances she's not a very eligible visitor. . . . This is rather a wild sort of thing in sisters-in-law. . . . But in real life . . . it's utter social and personal annihilation and damnation.

Can we, on the other hand, understand the characters? Is there any of them, rather, that is fully understood by all of us? Take Eccles in any scene; he is always himself, yet always, too, the possible self of each of us. Take him when the Marquise calls and offers to rear and provide for her fatherless grandson.

It's the marquise in her coach. Now, girls, do be civil to her, and she may do something for us. . . . This way, my lady—up them steps. They're rather awkward for the likes of you, but them as is poor and lowly must do as best they can with steps and circumstances.

Esther discovers that he has written for help: "My lovey, I did it with the best intentions." She declines it.

Better do what the good lady asks you, my dear; she's advising you for your own good and for the child's likewise.

Reference is made to the discomfort of the home.

It is a poor place, and we are poor people, sure enough. We ought not to fly in the faces of our pastors and masters, our pastresses and mistresses.

Esther shows her mother-in-law the door.

Very sorry, my lady, as you should be tret in this way, which was not my wishes.

The Marquise leaves.

To go away and not to leave a sov behind her! Cat! Cat Stinky old cat!

And, reflecting on the behaviour of his daughters:

Women is the obstinatest devils as never wore horse-shoes. Children? Beasts! Beasts!

What is it but the baser mood, the lower nature uppermost, of us all?

E. F. A.

FINE ART

HOPPNER AS CRITIC

IF an eminent painter's seasoned opinions on the theory of his art and the performances of his brother-artists be worthy of respect, no apology is needed for directing attention to the little known essays on art by John Hoppner, R.A., essays which for nearly a hundred years have been undeservedly ignored by our critics and historians of art. As a painter Hoppner's place is assured among those "excellent artists" who, in the words of Sir Walter Armstrong, "made the English school of portraiture the greatest school of the eighteenth century," and it may not be wholly impertinent to this inquiry to remind the reader of the increased value now set upon his work, and of the fact that a portrait by Hoppner has fetched a higher price in the auction-room than any portrait by any other eighteenth-century master. By other writers, however, must the praises of Hoppner's practice be sung; here it is sufficient to indicate that his practice well qualified him to criticise the achievements of his contemporaries.

Although his now forgotten "Oriental Tales" and occasional poems prove Hoppner to have cherished from his early manhood some literary as well as artistic ambitions, it was not till within three years of his death—which occurred in 1810 in his fifty-first year—that he made his appearance as a critic. A pamphlet depreciating British painting and British sculpture moved Hoppner to contribute his first, and in some respects his best, critical essay to *The Artist*, a periodical edited by Prince Hoare, one of our numerous forgotten Academicians, whose fame is hardly preserved by his portrait of himself in the Uffizi. In the congenial task of defending British art Hoppner shows a skill and wit in controversy which

entitle his essay to an honourable place in an anthology even of eighteenth-century criticism. His opening phrases are, perhaps, a little stiff and formal, after the fashion of the time, but when he warms to his subject his deep and sincere feelings inspire him to language which is at once vigorous and convincing. To the insinuation—amusing to our ears—that painters were too highly paid for their services, Hoppner roundly replies that “the few among us who can boast a slight covering of flesh fatten on abuse and neglect, and wallow in all the luxury of labour, anxiety and mortification.”

With respect to the Portrait Painter [Hoppner continues], it may truly be affirmed that his life is not one of idleness, but of unremitting industry and care. His art, when carried to any high degree of excellence, challenges our admiration and praise, for, as Donne saith,

“A hand, an eye,
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made.”

In administering to some of the best feelings of the human breast he sacrifices health and the inestimable blessings of air and sunshine, and, in return, he sometimes receives a market price for his labours that enables him perhaps, to fill with decency the station which prejudice has allotted to him. When more than this is obtained, it is for transcendent talents that lay a debt on a nation to be repaid only in gratitude, and in a general sense of their benefit and estimation.

A suggestion that the Italian sculptor Canova should be employed to raise the Nelson Memorial monument is next indignantly repudiated, and some very pertinent comments are passed on the unnecessary and unpatriotic patronage of foreign artists when their British rivals are idle.

There are [he writes] only two occasions, I conceive, on which a foreign artist could with propriety be invited to execute a great national work in this country, namely in default of our having any artist at all competent to such an undertaking, or for the purpose of introducing a superior style of art to correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation. The consideration of the first part of this statement I leave to those who have witnessed with what ability Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Westmacott, and the other candidates have designed their models; and with respect to the style and good taste of the English school, I dare, and am proud, to assert its superiority over any that has appeared in Europe since the age of the Caracci. Our present sculptors, it is well known, studied in Italy the same remains of antiquity that furnished examples of excellence to the native artist, and if they were not to be improved by these, I fear they are past the power of being mended by Mr. Canova.

Though he expressly refrains from “discussing the merits of Mr. Canova,” Hoppner leaves the reader in no doubt as to his opinions, and though he doubtless overrates both sculptors he would be supported by the majority of modern critics in contending that Flaxman was fully the equal, if not the superior, of Canova.

Arduous though the task must ever be to assign to contemporary artists their due place in the temple of fame, there are comparatively few of Hoppner's judgments from which modern criticism would dissent. In his second contribution to *The Artist* Hoppner is less happy in dealing with abstractions which have ever escaped the critic's analysis. He skilfully discriminates between Taste and Fashion, but though he inveighs against those who “deny the existence of beauty; or who refer the measure of it, at least, to every man's rude or immature opinion,” he does not provide us with any exact definitions or infallible canons of beauty. His connection, however, of “our notions of fitness and beauty,” may possibly be regarded as an unconscious anticipation of Sir Walter Armstrong's definition of beauty as “fitness expressed.”

For nearly two years after the publication of this essay Hoppner refrains from criticism, but in February 1809, he contributes to the first number of the *Quarterly Review*, edited by his intimate friend Gifford, a long review of Edward Edwards's “Anecdotes of Painters,” an attempted continuation of Walpole's work which provides Hoppner with many openings for appreciating the achievements of his contemporaries. In the annals of the House of Murray the authorship of this essay is attributed jointly to Hoppner and Gifford, but it is unlikely that Gifford's

share in its composition amounted to more than the ordinary editorial revision. In any case we may be certain that the opinions expressed are Hoppner's own, and a comparison with his previous efforts throws doubt on any suggestion that Gifford has materially altered the painter's literary style.

Although irrelevant tittle-tattle about great artists and extravagant laudation of the mediocre are as much to be condemned to-day as they were a hundred years ago, Hoppner's strictures on the defects of the book under review are less interesting to us than his estimates of the greater among his contemporaries. The two historical painters, Barry and Benjamin West, Hoppner rates more highly than do modern critics who possibly underestimate their attainments. West, it must not be forgotten, was the first painter to abandon Greek and Roman for modern costumes in historical painting, and for this sensible innovation alone he cannot be ignored in the history of British art. Barry, again, was undoubtedly possessed of so remarkable a personality that the few who knew and understood the man must have been tempted to see in his work similar qualities. But if in these two cases Hoppner differs from present writers, he triumphantly anticipated the verdict of posterity in his fervent admiration of Richard Wilson, the Father of British Landscape.

It is not our intention [he writes] to offer an apology for the unpopularity, admitting the fact, of Wilson's character—it needs none. The man whose genius outstrips the age in which he lives, has the choice of two things—either to pander to the prevalent taste for present gain, or by the best exertion of his faculties, secure to himself, as far as man may, the approbation of posterity. If this neglected artist, among his many privations could not reckon deafness; nor in his list of acquirements enumerate pliability, it was still most absurd in his more polished patrons, however they might lament the “unsuavity of his manners,” to forego, on that account, the pleasure of possessing his works, and encumber themselves with the vulgar art of Barret.

As a warm partisan of the Reynolds faction, Hoppner might be expected to hold a much lower opinion of Gainsborough than he does. But though he appears insufficiently to admire Gainsborough's lightness of hand, his economy of means and the magically suggestive effects produced thereby, he is not unjust to Gainsborough's genius, and even ventures to deprecate Sir Joshua's faint praise of his great rival:

Could we still be satisfied that this great artist had expressed his unprejudiced sentiments, we should correct our own, and bow to his superior judgment. But firmly as Sir Joshua appeared seated in the opinion of the public, his jealousy quickly took the alarm; and of two evils, he chose rather to suffer in his own good opinion, than bear a brother near the throne. Of this feeling he has left sufficient evidence in his critique on the works of Wilson and Gainsborough, and particularly the latter, whose power of giving a just resemblance he formally denies; and as Gainsborough could boast of possessing little other merit in this department of art, he was thus annihilated as a rival. That his portraits could bear any competition with those of Reynolds, no one possessed of the least feeling for art would assert; but the aim, as well as the power of these distinguished painters, was different; and while the first was content to represent the body, it was the ambition of the latter to express the mind.

No one who has read Sir Joshua's penultimate discourse can have failed to read between the lines a more profound reverence for Gainsborough's genius than is openly expressed, and Hoppner is as right in divining the ungenerous reticence of Reynolds as he is in distinguishing between the intellectual qualities of Sir Joshua's and the emotional qualities of Gainsborough's art. When we remember Hoppner's own portraits it is surprising, not that he should rank Reynolds above Gainsborough, but that he should prove so appreciative of the latter, whose practice is widely different from Sir Joshua's and his own. Like many painter-critics he errs in condemning a painting for the absence of qualities not sought by its creator, and ignoring other beauties which it actually possesses. That the pictures of so lyrical a painter as Gainsborough should be blamed for not possessing “any just pretensions to be classed with the epic works of art” argues but a scanty recognition of his chief excellence. But though he

was unable to define that excellence Hoppner felt that it was there, and he qualifies his judgments by pointedly styling them "the language of cold criticism," by warning the Academy students against speaking "slightingly of what they should reverence," and by concluding with the admirable aphorism that "no great expectations can be formed of that student who is a critic before he becomes a lover."

Hoppner's fourth and last essay in criticism is a review of Hayley's "Life" of Romney, published in the *Quarterly* only a few months before the writer's death. To this wayward genius Hoppner finds it impossible to be generous, and difficult to be just. But then, as Mr. H. P. K. Skipton says in his little biography of Hoppner—the only one published, by the way—Hayley's "Life" is "a provoking book," and Hoppner's dislike of the man does not help him to be fair to the artist. He cannot forgive Romney for deserting "a young and amiable wife and infant child, a few months after their marriage." He seems to regard the unfortunate painter as a ruthless Don Juan, rather than as an amorous weakling, and righteously exclaims that "to marry an innocent and virtuous woman, with a determination to abandon her immediately after the gratification of his passion, argues a selfishness and hardness of heart of which we have, happily, few examples." Selfish Romney may have been, but hardness was no more in his character than in his painting. A certain carelessness and captiousness there were in both, and it is no doubt these qualities, as manifested in his art, to which Hoppner alludes as "meanness and vulgarity," "defect of taste and delicacy of feeling." Hoppner is careful to state that he has "respect for his abilities," and that he allots Romney "a very distinguished rank among the painters of the English school"; but his merits, as visible to Hoppner, are easily exhausted by the admission that the features of his men are "correctly drawn" and "well put together," that his men-portraits are "marked in the manner of Sir Godfrey Kneller," while "his females remind us more of the languishing beauty of Lely," and lastly that he "excelled in those points (unspecified) that are generally last attained even by the most diligent student."

More satisfactory as criticism is the following passage, provoked by Hayley's injudicious comparison of Romney with Reynolds:

In the marking of his heads, although he [Reynolds] indicated more knowledge than appeared in the portraits painted by Romney, yet it was not so ostentatiously displayed; while by a felicity of conception, to a superior elevation of character, he united a greater degree of identity. The graceful action of his figures, and the inexhaustible variety of his backgrounds, form a store of materials to future students, that must from its persuasive eloquence, in time become the language of every school in Europe.

The truth seems to be that the extreme sensitiveness of Gainsborough and Romney was not understood by Hoppner, who in temperament was more akin to the phlegmatic Sir Joshua. It is to be regretted that Hoppner found no opportunity for a more exhaustive criticism of the great painter whose work he admired and emulated; but its absence is to some extent compensated for by the frequent allusions to Sir Joshua which occur in three of the essays. Little has been said of Hoppner's literary style, nothing of his fondness for classical quotations and the wide knowledge which his writings display: nevertheless, the few extracts from his essays already given may indicate their tenour and persuade the reader to make their better acquaintance.

FRANK RUTTER.

MUSIC

SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

It has been said by one who has the right to speak that the scherzo of Beethoven's C minor symphony is "as near being miraculous as human work can be." In a sense this

is profoundly true, for scarcely anywhere in musical literature is the alchemy which transmutes the common property of a musical phrase into a rare and precious substance more apparent than here. But the miracle of the fifth symphony has not the wonder of being wholly unexpected. The *Eroica* foretold it; even in the minuet of the first symphony there is a presage of greater things to come. Beethoven's development was steady and certain, almost terribly logical, climbing step by step from his starting-point upon the shoulders of Mozart. A more captivating maker of miracles, not because his works were greater or as great, but because an element of uncertainty made his great achievements stand out as marvels unexplained, was Schubert. The two existing movements of his unfinished symphony in B minor are the great example of this. They were heard recently at Queen's Hall and as I listened the wonder of them struck me anew. Take the first subject with its three component parts; first, the violoncellos and basses groping in darkness, then the violins waking to activity with a semiquaver figure on which the oboes and clarinets superimpose a phrase of melody filled with the definite human pathos which makes the whole articulate. The whole scheme is masterly; as in the symphonies of Beethoven, the hearer knows from the first note that the composer knows everything that he is going to say, and that here is not a note which is superfluous, which has not its place in the scheme of the whole. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the lovely melody of which it is built. The mention of the unfinished symphony starts people singing the second subject, that phrase which we always think no instrument but the violoncello could play until the violins take it up and make it more beautiful still. And then the slow movement: when I hear it I can never make up my mind whether it is one tune or twenty. It has all Schubert's own exuberance of musical idea, which both makes and mars all his work, but here everything fits, everything is relevant; there are no visible, or audible joins, but the whole sweeps on in unbroken majesty, and its dignity is the result of its perfect symmetry. The melody is perhaps not more beautiful than that to be found in the best hundred of Schubert's songs, and certainly there are passages in his other great symphony, that in C major written six years later, if not in his earlier symphonic efforts, which will stand level with the most lovely moments in this one. The lover of the "Unfinished" will quote the four bars, in which horns and bassoons spread out, as though opening a door through which the light floods, and lead the way to the second subject, as an unsurpassed piece of beauty; but a defender of the C major may point to the passage which leads back to the *réprise* of the first movement, with its descending suspensions and little sighs of expressive melody, as equally inspired. But apart from the fact of its loveliness—and that is a quality which all Schubert's music has even when it is faulty—the C major symphony has not this complete balance, which, within its dimensions, makes the "Unfinished" a perfect work of art. It is a bigger effort but a less perfect result.

Herein, then, lies the miracle. Two movements written at the age of twenty-five show combined all the freshness and spontaneity of his youthful nature with the collected mental attitude of mature manhood. He never completed the symphony: why, cannot be told. Perhaps he had not arrived at the power to write a *finale* which should transcend the early movements to form a climax to the whole, and death came too soon, before he had climbed the next mountain peak of life, while he was struggling with the problems of manhood and had not surmounted them. However that may be, this work shows what was in Schubert. When we reflect that he died at the age of thirty-one, and that at that age Beethoven had not written his second symphony, it gives some idea of what the world lost by his early death. The mass of his songs is so enormous that sometimes we are tempted to think of him as a youth endowed with a great melodic gift, the best of which was probably recorded in his short life, since

pure melody and song is the gift of youth. But the unfinished symphony shows more. It shows clearly that Schubert had that faculty for attaining perfect structural balance, not only without interfering with the course of his ideas, but as the completion, the crowning grace of those ideas; in fact, that more or less latent within him were all the qualities by which he might have become one of the greatest masters of symphonic form. It is, perhaps, useless to speculate as to what might have been, but it is impossible to resist the reflection of what a field lay before such a genius of the symphony at the time when Schubert died. His unbounded gift of melody, wielded with the colossal power which the unfinished symphony shows might have belonged to him in maturer years, would have given a living impulse to the development of the symphony after Beethoven, which must have carried it on upon a surer course, and affected beneficially the whole history of instrumental music through the nineteenth century to the present day. We know how the symphony wavered and hung fire in the hands of such great men as Schumann and Mendelssohn, through the inability of the first to understand the voice of the orchestra, and the complaisantly academic standpoint of the latter. That moving first section of the "Unfinished," which I began by describing, shows how Schubert could realise orchestral utterance and make the individuality of each instrument combine in a single speech; and from the pitfall of the latter his very nature saved him.

Schumann's unerring critical faculty made him the foremost to appreciate the defects of himself and others in this direction, and led him to point out Brahms as the new prophet of the larger forms of instrumental music, and after much dissension practically every one has been forced to acknowledge him a master. Still he stands lonely and isolated. His admirers acclaim him as Beethoven's successor, while the adherents of the ultra modern school look on him as an extraordinary exception, a special case. It is as though Schubert should have been the link which joined Brahms with the rest of the great classics and showed his position in the chain of their achievements. The presence, too, of Schubert's genial nature among the ranks of symphony composers, might have done something to modify the occasional severity of Brahms's style, and so given him his place more readily in the hearts of music-lovers of to-day. This is largely conjecture and may be condemned by some as mere fancy, by others as false on the grounds that no link in the artistic chain can be lost; what one cannot achieve another will, and so the progress of art is unbroken. I am not prepared to take a side in such a discussion, but, returning to the unfinished symphony, I find in it a promise of great things, which neither in Schubert's own work nor in that of any of his successors has been entirely fulfilled. Here, if ever, is an autobiography in music. It is the story of an unfinished life.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ON October 15 Messrs. Chapman and Hall will commence the issue of their National Edition of Charles Dickens's writings. The edition—which will consist of forty volumes at 10s. 6d. net each—will include upwards of one hundred articles now collected for the first time, and his letters, speeches, plays, and poems, together with Forster's Life. The pictures comprise all the original illustrations, with a complete series of portraits, additional illustrations, facsimiles and reproductions of handwriting, many of which have not been included in any collected edition of the novelist's works. The text is that corrected by Dickens in the last two years of his life, and the additional articles are for the most part contributions to *Household Words*, which, the publishers tell us, "have been identified for the first time by indisputable evidence." In regard to the choice of illustrations, the publishers'

plan has been to include only those which were drawn for their editions during Dickens's lifetime. The additional character-portraits by Phiz, Frank Stone, A.R.A., and others, as well as the frontispieces especially drawn for the first cheap edition, and a number of interesting title-pages, vignettes, and designs for the decoration of the different early editions are also reproduced, together with a complete set of the original wrappers, and of the covers to the "People's" Edition, printed on paper of the same colour and quality as the originals. The whole edition will be completed in eighteen months, and will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month, with one or two exceptions, when three volumes will be issued together.

Mr. George Allen will publish in October "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag," edited by Mr. George Somes Layard. "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-bag" is chiefly composed of selections from the hitherto unpublished letters of the artist and his friends: letters from Peel, Wellington, Scott, Cowper, Thomas Campbell, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Lady Caroline Lamb, William Godwin, Canova, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Castlereagh, J. W. Croker, Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Ellenborough, Etty, B. R. Haydon, Jekyll, Mrs. Jordan, the Kembles, Metternich, and almost every prominent person living at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, and some hundreds of Lawrence's own letters, copies of which he made and kept. In addition to these, the book will contain Miss Elizabeth Croft's interesting recollections of the painter, covering a period of thirty years. It will be illustrated with reproductions of various portraits painted by Lawrence.

One of the most important of Messrs. Constable's autumn announcements is the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," to be issued in two volumes. Born in the Ionian Islands, of Greek and Irish parentage, with an added strain of gypsy blood, Lafcadio Hearn was all his life a wanderer. He lived at various times with a wealthy aunt in Wales, in the ascetic atmosphere of a Roman Catholic College, in extreme poverty on the east side of New York, in bohemian literary circles in Cincinnati and New Orleans, in many parts of the American tropics, and finally, during the fourteen years before his death, in Japan. His biographer, Mrs. Wetmore, enjoyed Hearn's friendship for nearly thirty years, and had the advantage of seeing him in many different environments. The bulk of the book will consist of his letters to various correspondents, covering a period of thirty-five years, and will contain also some fragments of an autobiography, begun before his death, which brings the story of his life down to the point at which the correspondence begins. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits and reproductions of the pen-and-ink sketches with which he was wont to embellish his letters.

Mr. Arthur Symons has completed a new anthology upon which he has been engaged for some time past, and the volume, which is to be entitled "A Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry," will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackie and Son. The range of the selection is exceptionally wide, the limits being Spenser and Herrick, Mr. Symons's arrangement is not chronological but according to subject, the poems following one another "like the characters in a great pageant."

Mr. A. H. Bullen announces for immediate publication a volume of "Poems, 1899-1905" of W. B. Yeats, which contains the plays *The Shadowy Waters*, *The King's Threshold*, and *On Baile's Strand*, entirely revised and largely re-written, and the collection of lyrics "In the Seven Woods." Mr. Bullen will also publish shortly a monograph on Thomas Stothard, R.A., illustrated with examples of his designs and book-illustrations. It has been written by the late Mr. A. C. Coxhead, and consists of a full biography of the artist, and a catalogue *raisonné* of his work. The play *Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden*, by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was so successfully

revived this summer at the Court Theatre, will be issued in book-form by the same publisher. It will contain a frontispiece designed by Mr. Laurence Housman and cut on wood by Miss Housman. The third series of "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time" edited by Frank Sidgwick is promised in the autumn. This volume will consist chiefly of Scottish ballads of the Border, and will include many fine ballads not previously published in a popular form. An original feature will be a map of the Border country, showing as many of the localities mentioned in these ballads as can now be identified with any degree of certainty. Mr. Bullen will be the publisher.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish this autumn a work on "English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer," by Dr. William Henry Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. It is the first of two volumes on the Literary History of England from the Norman Conquest to Elizabeth which have been planned to complete the series to which Mr. Stopford Brooke, Professor Saintsbury, and Mr. Gosse have already contributed. It covers particularly the period down to the time of Chaucer, but deals also with such other works (romances, tales, legends, etc.) as are written in early mediæval styles. Messrs. Macmillan hope to publish about the same time the fifth and concluding volume of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England," which covers the decade 1885 to 1895.

We should have imagined that any demand for Trollope's writings had been met by Mr. Lane's reprints in the "Pocket Classics"; but Messrs. Bell, we learn, have yet another edition of the Barsetshire novels in the press. The first volume, "The Warden," will be issued next month with an introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

A new volume by Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge will be published by Mr. Unwin on September 3. It is entitled "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall—Historiettes of the Restoration," and contains biographical studies of eight famous women of the period: Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; "La Belle Stuart," Duchess of Richmond; "La Belle Hamilton," Comtesse de Gramont; "The Lovely Jennings," Duchess of Tyrconnel; Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury; "Madame," Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans; and Louise de Keroual, Duchess of Portsmouth. On the same day Mr. Unwin will publish a work on "The Psychology of Child Development," by Mr. Irving King, Fellow in Philosophy in the University of Chicago, and instructor in Psychology and History of Education in Pratt Institute. The aim of the book is to present a consistent and intelligible outline of the development of the child from the standpoint of mental function.

Messrs. Macmillan will begin this month the publication, in fortnightly volumes, of a new pocket edition of the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be the first. The books are printed on India paper, and are bound in both cloth and leather. In general appearance they resemble Messrs. Macmillan's pocket editions of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. The same publishers will issue, on the fourteenth of the month, Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, "In the Days of the Comet."

A work on "The Old Cornish Drama" by Mr. Thurston C. Peter will be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will show the divergences in text and tone between the Cornish and other Morality Plays, and give a special illustration from the unique play relating to the Life of St. Meriadoc into which are interwoven many Cornish legends. A notable instance of the development of some of the legends is given in that of St. George, where St. George and Henry V. are contemporaries and the latter is represented as taking Quebec.

A volume of collected papers of the late Henry Gray Graham, whose "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," is being re-issued in a cheap form, is now in preparation. It is to be prefaced by a short memoir by his son.

Mr. W. D. Howells has in the press a volume entitled "Certain Beautiful English Cities." Bath, Bristol, Canterbury, Exeter, Oxford and Wells are numbered among his "beautiful cities."

Messrs. Ginn and Company will shortly publish "Mountain Wild Flowers of America" a new work by Julia W. Henshaw. The book will be illustrated with one hundred full-page illustrations from the original photographs taken by the author in the mountain regions.

A French journalist recently complained to Tolstoy, that the American people were devoid of ideals, and devoted only to the passion of money-getting. Professor Brander Matthews, in an address given before two colleges, set himself to answer these and other sweeping charges made by foreign critics. His address is now being brought out under the title of "American Character," by Messrs. Crowell.

Mr. John Long will publish during this month the following Six-Shilling Novels: "The Portals of Love," by Violet Tweedale; "A Beggar on Horseback," by S. R. Keightley; "The Girls of Inverbarns," by Sarah Tytler; "The Ingenious Captain Cobbs," by G. W. Appleton; "The Horse and the Maid," by Arthur Cowden; and "Leone," by Lady Dunbar of Mochrum.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If earth-life, or that part of it which we call English, has but a few hundred years to run (and I see by the *Times* that Islam threatens to swallow us up quick) then we need not trouble to change our spelling; but the notion that the English people will go on for ever with their present "orthography" as we call it, is ridiculous. The sooner it is reformed the better will be the result; and those who most value our literature should be the most anxious to promote a movement which, well-conducted, may yet be conservative, but if opposed and deferred will be most probably revolutionary, and almost cut tradition away.

If Professor Skeat's opinion is of weight, it must be held entirely to invalidate the quasi-scientific objection of genteel persons who stickle for the history of the language. The history of the language is in its *sound*, not in its misspellings; and it is possible that such a recognised etymological authority as Professor Skeat, speaking also with the authority of the British Academy, may serve to overrule the plausible squeamishness of our half-educated classes. But how can any reform be instituted?

I have for some time urged what I consider the only practical plan: and that is for the editors of newspapers, journals, and weeklies to form a committee who should decide to enforce a gradual change. If in all their printing offices there was a simultaneous weekly, or fortnightly, or even monthly order that in future certain words should be spelt in a certain way, the changes (if wisely chosen) would not really incommode or retard their producing business, and the interest which intelligent hands would take in the matter, would secure their attention and collaboration; nor would the public be offended or puzzled.

Let the first order, for instance, be to omit all the final mute *s* from words ending with short *ive*, so that we should have *give* for give, and *effeciv* for effective: as soon as this order was carried out, and had fallen into routine (which I think it would by the second printing), then, and not before, let another equally needed and sensible order be appended to the first.

In two or three years the spelling of the language would have been sufficiently perfected on trial for a full scheme to be introduced by authority. But I think myself that the test of practical convenience, and the gradual introduction of change are all-important.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Greevz Fysher takes a very sensibl vew ov the question ov spelling by pleading for liberty. At prezent much tiranny and cruelty iz exersized in teeching and in maintaining the orthodox fashon ov speling. Az an instans ov the stupidity and hide-bound mindz ov sum peopl regarding speling, may I relate the folloing which took place a few yearz ago:—A clerk left with the Paymaster-Jeneral direcshonz for the sale ov about £1600 ov Consolz, which wer to be sold on the folloing Tuezday. On Munday morning hiz firm reseevd aleter to call at the Paymaster'sz offis with respect to the sale. On calling, the clerk woz informd that the order directing the sale did not accurately describe the account az it stood in the Paymaster's books; the error consisted in speling *honourable* without the "u"!

To carry out the Paymaster's wishes the order had to pass through four departments, and the sale was delayed a week!

Well might Professor Earle ask in the *Times* a few years ago: "Who is benefited by rigor in spelling? It would be hard to find any material more unprofitable or less educational than spelling, for young men to exercise their minds upon during the most receptive time of life. Is it that in the offices where these young men may have to write, a uniform spelling is of such supreme importance? Let us suppose any probable amount of diversions which might result from an entire omission of orthography in examinations. What harm could it do? Could it make any opening for substantial mistakes in the conduct of business? The meaning of words is determined on every occasion, not by orthography, but by their combinations and their place in the context. The process of compelling a uniform orthography is, in fact, a strife against nature."

Is it not singular that the men who know more about and are most interested in orthography, are the men who care little about our current spelling? Nearly every philologist of note in England and America is in favor of its being modified, in the interests of education and philology.

It is with a view to lessen the "strife against nature" that the Simplified Spelling Board is seeking to introduce modifications. The School Authorities of New York are about to second the Board's efforts, acting in accordance with your Note on page 51, by adopting in their primer the 300 word-forms recommended by the Board.

A further advance in the Board's work is reported to me by Dr. C. P. G. Scott. That Prof. Skeat, Prof. Joseph Wright and Dr. Bradley have been elected members of the Board, and have accepted. Dr. Murray and Dr. Sweet have declined, on plea of other work. The Board is willing to supply literature, free on application, at 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

H. DRUMMOND.

August 18.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One is accustomed to receive outrageous and incredible news from the United States, the land of the "Yankees"; but the latest intelligence emanating from that part of the world really "takes the cake." We are told that a certain Professor Brander Matthews, together with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, "Mark Twain" (who ought to know better), and other men of supposed prominence, have formed a so-called "Spelling Reform Committee," which proposes to revolutionise the spelling of the English language, thus altering the orthography of hundreds and hundreds of words, like the following: confest (instead of confessed); washt (instead of washed); profest (instead of professed); thru (instead of through); thoroly (instead of thoroughly); and so on. It is not very surprising to learn that this abject tomfoolery has received the "official sanction" of the accidental and temporary American President with a Dutch name, Theodore Roosevelt, a man who is ever to the fore with some wild-goose scheme or other. The American people have already gone far to spoil our noble language, for they invariably take upon themselves to spell such words as traveller, rebellious, and marvellous with a single *l*, which looks absolutely hideous to English eyes. From a mushroom country like the United States we English are hardly likely to tolerate instructions in the matter of spelling, and the British nation will laugh this latest piece of impertinence on the part of the Americans contemptuously out of court.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

August 28.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In answer to H. Drummond's letter in the *ACADEMY*, August 11, in the first place F. Mayhew is a lady, and in the second, she will consider his communication when he has learnt to spell!

F. MAYHEW.

"LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is holiday time; and if it amuses Professor Tyrrell to lark with the functions of "like" and say that he does "not think that like was ever a proposition or any part of speech but an adjective," and that its use as a conjunction is "an atrocity," no one will object to his little joke. But if the matter is to be taken seriously, I ask Professor Tyrrell whether his entire ignorance of the historic use of the word "like" is not the cause of his confident assertions about it. He evidently did not know that Shakespeare and his successors used "like" as a conjunction till I told him they did; he hadn't read Sidney Walker's authoritative paper on it; he had never looked it up in F. S. Ellis's *Shelley Concordance* or William Morris's *prose* or the *Oxford Dictionary*; and yet he didn't hesitate to lay down the law about it as if he had really a right to an opinion on the subject. No doubt the study of Greek does, as Gaisford is reported to have said, enable a man to despise his neighbours, but it really does not make him an authority on English words and phrases.

Let us start with the Psalter's "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Here *like* is an adverb, like *just* is in "just as rain wets the cloth, so wind dries it." But the words *like* as were looked on as a joint conjunction, and when as dropped off, *like* became a conjunction and produced the instances in Shakespeare, his helper in *Foriels*, and the other writers, quotations

from whom are given by Walker, etc. These quotations show that sentences like the following, in which *like* is a conjunction, are good English: "He has curly red hair like my brother had as a boy"; "she rides astride her horse, like you and I do, on a man's saddle"; "he led the Hall eight in a wager-boat on the Cam, just like Hanlan used to lead the London eight on the Thames."

Similarly with regard to *like* as a preposition. The early compound was *like-to*. In looking through some Lydgate proofs lately I saw only this: by Robert Greene's time the *to* had dropped off, and *like* was used alone as a preposition as we use it now: "like him, the audience clapt loudly" (cf. "except him, no one stird"), "she looks and talks like him." In "Menaphon's Eclogue" (*Plays and Poems*, ed. Collins ii. 257) we find on the same page

Hir lockes are pleighted *like* the fleece of wooll . . .
Hir cheekes *like* ripened lillies steeped in wine . . .

Her eyes, faire-eyes, *like* to the purest lights . . .
Her necke *like* to an yvorie shining tower. . . .

On ii. 135 we have

Dor[othea]. How look I, Namo? *like* a man or no?
Namo. If not a man, yet *like* a manlie shewe.

And there are lots of similar examples.

Wherever *like* stands for an earlier *like to*, it is a preposition, wherever it stands for an earlier *like as*, it is a conjunction. That is my contention, and that it may be used in both ways still. To call "like I did" "an atrocity," is just Professor Tyrrell's whim, and can only be defended by a plea like Shylock's when he justified his desire for Antonio's pound of flesh.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

"LIKE" (CONJ.)—"REVENUE" (PAROX.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May not Drs. Tyrrell and Furnivall be both right and both wrong? An illustration will make my meaning clear. "*Absque me forat*" is excellent Plautine, but beyond such expressions of this type as Plautus gives we cannot go. So, perhaps, beyond the instances of "like" (conj.) given by authors, Elizabethan or other, we cannot venture without slipping. In the Plautine example all depends probably on the personal pronoun; so in the idioms "per te deos oro," "næille. . . ." "Like I did" is probably good, "like St. Louis did" is possibly bad, English.

"REVENUE" (IN TENNYSON).

My father often told me that, when first this word was on all men's lips in Sir R. Peel's time, the accent was on the middle syllable ("révenue"). Later, the accentuation was a moot point.

H. H. JOHNSON.

University of Rennes, August 25.

ARISTOTLE AND THE MODERN READER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are one or two points in the candid and interesting review of my book in your issue of the 18th inst. under the above heading, on which, if you will kindly allow me, I should like to say a few words.

As to Aristotle's doctrine of the Mean: Your Reviewer misunderstands me if he thinks that I criticise it unfavourably. He refers, no doubt, to my remarks on pp. 132-399. But whilst I accept Kant's opinion, that Aristotle makes the difference between Virtue and Vice quantitative, I reject his inference that this is any objection to the doctrine. For the practical purposes which Aristotle had in view it is more useful to be told that good conduct lies between opposite extremes than to learn that it involves matter and form—a material, and a principle in accordance with which that material is moulded; the latter may be the more sympathetic interpretation, but I own to a distrust of sympathetic interpretations, especially in Aristotle. The doctrine of the mean itself is trite enough, being probably one of the earliest generalizations on conduct formulated by mankind, but Aristotle put such popular saws as "nothing too much," "you are safest in the middle" into precise scientific language; he showed that the middle was a relative and variable point whose position was to be fixed by prudence; moreover, he explained the doctrine by showing it to fall under the wider generalizations furnished by physiology and biology. This entitles Aristotle to be called its author and it contrasts strongly with the casual and supercilious references in Plato to moderation as a moral quality. In the passage in the *Phædo* referred to (82A-B) the habits of justice and moderation are treated, not as good but as the best of the bad, and the souls of those who possess them are relegated after death to the bodies of bees and wasps, and at a new birth become "moderate men." If this be not contemptuous it is at all events not complimentary.

Aristotle does not commit himself to the Pythagorean conjecture that evil is of the nature of the unlimited (1106, b 29) beyond using it to exemplify his own remark that there are many ways of being wrong but only one way of being right.

As to the Practical Syllogism it is true as your Reviewer says that

it does little more than formulate facts. But the facts required to be formulated, or so acute a man as Sokrates would never have maintained that it is only through ignorance that we act against our better judgment. The Sokratic paradox overlooks the truth that Aristotle brings out, that there are competing judgments and that the agent is determined to the one towards which his desires prompt him. And the question is, not whether this explanation goes to the root of things, but whether it is adequate. It seems simple enough when pointed out—but, like Columbus's experiment with the egg, it required some one to show the way, and I still think that Aristotle rendered a great service in doing so.

The Reviewer does not understand my remark that the account of the Practical Syllogism in the seventh book is improperly limited to the single case of certain selected pleasures. He says, "Aristotle with perfect propriety uses *ἀπάρτα* in the sense in which everybody else used it. It may be, as Mr. Marshall says, 'not the business of moral philosophers to spoil useful words by giving them a limited and accidental meaning,' but still less is it their business to breed misunderstanding by using common words in unfamiliar senses."

This criticism sacrifices accuracy to epigram, for Aristotle himself tells us that men are familiarly said to be wanting in self-control in respect of anger, honour and gain, as well as in the pleasures to which he would restrict the word (*ἐν ἀπάρταις λέγουται καὶ θυμῷ καὶ τιμῇ καὶ κέρει*: 1145, b 19). Even if he had not said so, we might have inferred it from his treatment of the subject, for he would scarcely have taken so much pains to prove the proper sense of the word if there was only one sense in which it was ever used.

The Reviewer does not like my rendering of *ἀκράτεια* by "irresolution," nor do I like it, and I should be glad to be helped to a single English word which expresses the state of mind of a man who, owing to the conflict between reason and desire, is not master of himself. The makers of English have not given us half-sizes enough, and it is only writers of authority who can

dower
Their native language with a word
Of power.

Your Reviewer's criticism of my note on p. 146 is quite just; it is very clumsily written and I am glad to have attention called to it.

My observation that the law of the mean is not applied by Aristotle to the case of the senses, as it might well have been, referred of course to the Ethics alone, whose hearers were not supposed to be familiar with the *De Anima* and, in fact, probably knew nothing about it. Still I think I ought to have referred to the passage to which your Reviewer has directed me.

There are other points, and especially that of natural Justice on which I should have liked to say something, but I must not trespass further on your space. I am sorry not to have the support of so instructed an opinion as that of your Reviewer on the questions on which we differ, but I fear we should never come completely together. He approaches the Ethics from the Platonic side, and I consider that one of Aristotle's main objects in all his principal works, his *Ethics*, his *Logic*, *Metaphysics*, *Psychology* and *Politics* was to correct what he thought to be the errors, to supplement the omissions and to express his dissent from the main principles of the philosophy of his great master.

Your Reviewer, like many others, seeks a sympathetic interpretation, and there is something to be said for trying to embrace a wide field in one view. But the defect of such attempts is that they lose in definition what they gain in comprehension; whether it is better to be more clear or more comprehensive is a matter of temperament.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Would a Student of Literature kindly supply the title of Collins's Poem, from which he quoted a line, and also the further information in which edition of Collins's Poems it appears?

CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Your readers may be expected to include not a few who think with Goethe that the future life may be taken for granted and time spent in improving one's self in the present one. So, let me restrict myself to the remark that I think "A Student of Literature" has fairly given away his case by admitting the inconsistency of modern writers in their views of futurity. The inconsistency is easy of explanation, I know. Pagan philosophy and poetry have done more to shape the best of their works than Christian doctrine. But, the ancients were consistent. They had their sceptical ones. So had the schoolmen. Thomas Aquinas proposed twenty-one probable reasons for the immortality of the soul. Scotus refuted them one by one. Successive Christian centuries ought hardly to leave a Cowper saying, "How little we know of a state to which we are all destined. And how does the obscurity that hangs over that undiscovered country increase the anxiety we sometimes feel as we are journeying towards it" (Letter to the Rev. W. Unwin, June 23, 1784); or a Schiller in his little poem, *Immortality*, asking,

"Are you afraid of Death? Do you long to live for ever? Live then in the whole mass of humanity, and, when you are no more, it will continue."

As for Kant's bases, God and a Future Life, though note that he

speaks of them as "hypotheses," they are the corner-stone, and needs must be, of all philosophy. So, to turn our little agreeable passage of arms to the best account, I trust my honourable opponent will let me say that, though we so differently interpret the matter in question betwixt us, I agree with him fully in deeming it of deep interest to all literary students. The following guide therefore to a few works, as interesting as they are fruitful, may, perhaps, render some service:

- (1) The article "La croyance à l'immortalité de l'âme" in Henry Weil's "Études sur l'antiquité grecque."
- (2) "Les idées antiques sur la mort et la critique de ces idées par Épicure" and "Le poème de Lucrèce" in vol. i. of E. Caro's "Mélanges et Portraits."
- (3) The fifth chapter of Constant Marthe's "Le Poème de Lucrèce."
- (4) Cicero's first "Tusculan Disputation."
- (5) Histoire des théories et des idées morales, by J. Denis.
- (6) Papers of the *Spectator*, Nos. 210, 537, and 600.

To wind up the whole affair on an amusing note, there is in Bayle's Dictionary, Article Bonfadius, the following story: "Marcellus Ficinus, a priest of Florence, a great platonic philosopher and a great divine, died, and immediately his ghost, in the form of a cavalier clothed in white, mounted on a horse of the same colour, ran full speed to the door of Michael Mercatus, who was his intimate friend and likewise a great platonic philosopher, who was then studying by break of day in his closet, in a town at a good distance from Florence, and cried to him that the discourses which they had together concerning the life to come, were true; and, having said this, ran away towards the place whence it came, and quickly escaped its friend's sigh who called to him to stay for him. This happened by reason of the agreements made between them that he who died first should come to tell the survivor whether things passed in the other life as Plato had written in his book of the Immortality of the Soul." "It was a pity," says Bayle in that piquant way of his, "that Mercatus did not leave a juridical attestation on oath, and registered in the archives of Florence." Canus Julius, whom Caligula put to death and who designed, as he was dying, to observe well whether his soul would perceive its going out (as Montaigne tried to do when thrown off his horse, but he did not die, but only became a while unconscious), promised if he learned anything he would come and see his friends to declare his state to them. Seneca, who tells us this, do n't say whether any news was heard from Julius in consequence of this promise.

I might remark that compared with the number of books which exist of modern writers and the very few that have survived of those of the ancients, passages relative to a future life might well be more frequently met with in the former than in the latter. Add to this that when a thing has been repeatedly said it naturally comes to be said with more emphasis; but, for all that, I do not see any overwhelming evidence of Christianity having made the ideas of a future life more assured or more definite in modern than in ancient classic writings. As to whether Pindar or Milton shall take first place as painters of an ideal state of future bliss, let us enjoy both. Thanking you for so kindly finding room for my previous letters, and hoping the same privilege for this,

R.S.Y.

THE SWEET MIRACLE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the notice of Mr. Prestage's translation of the *Sweet Miracle* which appears in your issue of to-day Mr. Mosher's name is given as that of the Publisher. This exquisite version was published by my firm in 1903 and is now in its third edition. I must be allowed to express my surprise and regret that a paper of your standing should give any countenance to the publications of Mr. Mosher.

ALFRED NUTT.

57-59 Long Acre,
August 25.

[Mr. Nutt's rebuke is deserved. All we can urge in our reviewer's defence is our effort and his to discover the original, so to speak, of the American edition we had before us.—Ed.]

POETRY A SUPPORT AND A SOLACE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an interesting review of Mrs. Chesson's (Nora Hopper's) poems in the current ACADEMY the writer states that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of poetry. One kind is a support, a staff to help us on the journey of life. The other is a place of refreshing and a solace to the weary traveller. Readers of the ACADEMY will surely appreciate this illuminating criticism. Your contributor has afforded us a test by which we may judge all poetry that comes under our notice. We take up a volume of poems and sit down to read. We are in the mood to appreciate and admire, if anything is presented to us that will call forth such feelings. We read from cover to cover, but find nothing which is calculated either to solace us in a weary hour or to strengthen us to bear up against the ills of life. If this is so, we may well in future leave the book alone; for us, at any rate, it is worthless. We have applied our test, and judged by our standard the book is a failure. We need not, however, be discouraged. There are many volumes of modern verse which will free us from the cares of life, by opening to our view the land of faery, and so doing, they will soothe

and refresh us. Such poetry may not, perhaps, be great poetry, but it is certainly a valuable possession for all who bear the burden and heat of the day. There is another class of poetry. It is rarer than that just referred to. This kind helps us to live our lives more nobly, by being, at once, an inspiration and a source of strength. It is of the utmost value, and will take rank as great poetry, provided that the poet is an artist, and can clothe his thoughts in verse as melodious as it is helpful.

H. P. WRIGHT.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am ill-read or not read at all in the criticism on Shakespeare's Sonnets, so that I do not know if the following suggestion has been made before. If not, you may think it worth printing. It is, that the sonnets were written on commission for somebody else and in that individual's person. Shakespeare would have been paid a few pounds for the work, and this would explain why he never sought to publish them. Writing for him was a means of livelihood, and he seems to have been rather anxious for the time when he should have enough to retire and write no more immortal master-pieces. He cared no more about fame than a Brahman saint cares about caste—he was above it all. Is it likely that he wrote the sonnets without being paid for them?

E. M. C.

Spezia, August 17.

A DIGEST OF THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—I notice in your issue of the 11th inst. a review of my Digest of the Law of Copyright. The foolishness of a criticism which complains of my attempt to state the law when there is no decision precisely in point is obvious, but of that I do not complain because I have no doubt that it is fair in the legal sense of the word. I do complain however when you make an erroneous statement of fact which to my mind could not have been made by any careful reviewer. You say "He starts off for instance with a definition of 'literary work' for which there is no authority, and ignores that of 'book' which is determined by the Copyright Act, 1842. This is not the fact. 'Literary work' and 'book' are both defined in my digest in their proper places, the former on Page 1 where unpublished works are dealt with, the latter on Page 9 when published works are dealt with. My definition of 'book' moreover is verbatim in the words of the Copyright Act, 1842.

I cannot think how anybody could read my "pamphlet" with any degree of care and then say that I ignore the statutory definition of "book." A review which contains such an erroneous statement is clearly libellous, and very damaging when it appears in a paper with the reputation which the ACADEMY enjoys.

E. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

August 26.

[Mr. MacGillivray is perfectly correct in stating that on p. 9 of his digest he gives a definition of "book," and that that definition is verbatim in the words of the Copyright Act, 1842, which is printed in full in his Appendix. The sentence in our notice of which he complains is, we admit, somewhat obscurely expressed: it should have read: "having given the statutory definition of 'book' which is determined by the Copyright Act, 1842, he afterwards tends to ignore it, in favour of his definition of 'literary work,' for which definition there is no authority in the Statute Book."—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Archæologia Aeliana: or, Miscellaneous Tracts Relating to Antiquity. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Third series. Vol. ii. 9x7. Pp. li, 216. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Reid, n.p. (See *The Academy*, August 25, p. 171.)

Raven, J. J. *The Bells of England.* With sixty illustrations. The Antiquary's Library. 9x5½. Pp. 338. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

[Traces the development of bells from the time when the clink from his weapons and tools cheered the heart of palæolithic man down to the present day.]

DRAMA.

George Farguhar. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by William Archer. *The Mermaid Series.* 7½x4½. Pp. 456. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net. (See p. 199)

Hartland-Mahon, Richard. *Love: the Avenger.* A Play in Four Acts. 7x5. Pp. 143. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Heath, Francis George. *The Green Gateway.* A Peep into the Plant World. 7½x5½. Pp. 138. The Country Press, 3s. net.

[The first volume of a new series entitled "Nature's Doorstep: Studies of Earth, Air and Water for Young People."]

FICTION.

Hobbes, John Oliver. *The Dream and the Business.* 7½x5. Pp. 444. Unwin, 6s. (See p. 197.)

Bowen, Marjorie. *The Viper of Milan.* 7½x5. Pp. 348. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Dracott, Alice Elizabeth. *Simla Village Tales, or Folk Tales from the Himalayas.* 8½x5½. Pp. xvi, 237. Murray, 6s.

Boothby, Guy. *A Royal Affair, and other stories.* 8x5½. Pp. 248. White, 5s.

Haggard, Lieut.-Col. Andrew. *A Persian Roseleaf.* 7½x5½. Pp. 384. Long, 6s.

Hume, Fergus. *The Black Patch.* 7½x5½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Cleeve, Lucas. *Love and the King.* 7½x5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Cooke, J. V. F. *Stories of Strange Women.* 7½x5½. Pp. 314. Long, 6s. [Eight short stories.]

St. Aubyn, Alan. *The Greenstone.* 7½x5½. Pp. 515. Long, 6s.

Yorke, Curtis. *The Girl Behind the Counter.* 7½x5½. Pp. 312. Long, 6s.

Moberly, L. G. *Hope My Wife.* Illustrations by Bertha Newcome. 7½x5½. Pp. 288. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Chambers, Robert W. *Iole.* 8x5½. Pp. 143. Constable, 5s.

Croker, B. M. *The Youngest Miss Mowbray.* 8x5½. Pp. 316. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Wodehouse, P. G. *Love Among the Chickens.* 7½x5. Pp. 312. Newnes, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Medicine for the Million. By A Family Physician. "A medical handbook containing all the information required for ordinary purposes." 7½x5½. Pp. 228. *News of the World* office, 1s. net.

Baker, George. *Unhistoric Acts: Some Records of Early Friends in North-West Yorkshire.* With an introduction by John Gilbert Baker. Illustrated by Joseph Walter West and others; with photographs by the author and specially prepared maps. 8½x5½. Pp. xxii, 242. Headley, 7s. 6d. net.

[A series of pictures of the daily life and surroundings of Puritans in North Yorkshire, extending over a period of nearly two centuries.]

NAVAL.

Politovsky, the late Eugène S. *From Libau to Trushima.* A Narrative of the Voyage of Admiral Rojdestvensky's Fleet to Eastern Seas, including a detailed account of the Dogger Bank Incident. Translated by Major F. R. Godfrey, R.M.L.I. 7½x5½. Pp. xvi, 307. Murray, 6s.

POETRY.

Wenborn, Major F. M. *His Kingly Word, and other original poems.* Illustrated by R. Nelson Moore. 7½x5. Pp. 130. Love and Malcomson, n.p.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Edited by R. Warwick Bond. The Arden Shakespeare. 8½x6. Pp. 117. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

Critchley, George. *The Legend of the Silver Cup, and other stories for children.* With twelve illustrations. Second edition. 7½x5. Pp. 160. Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. *The Stolen Emperor.* A Japanese Romance. New edition. 8½x6. Pp. 126. Long, 6d. [Paper covers.]

MacManus, Seumas. *A Lad of the O'Friel's.* Fourth edition. 7½x5. Pp. 318. Digby, Long, 2s. [Paper covers.]

Cundall, J. W. *London: a Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, and Naturalist.* Re-written and enlarged. 7½x4. Published by the author, 8 and 9 Essex Street, Strand, 6d.

Allen, Grant. *The Woman Who Did.* 7½x5. Pp. 216. E. Grant Richards, 1s. net. [Paper covers.]

THEOLOGY.

Dennis, Rev. James S. *Christian Missions and Social Progress.* A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. In three volumes—vol. iii. 9½x6½. Pp. xxxvi, 675. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 10s. net.

The Gospel According to St. Mark. Explained by J. C. du Buisson. The Churchman's Bible. 7x4½. Pp. xxx, 220. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

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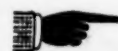
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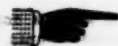


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